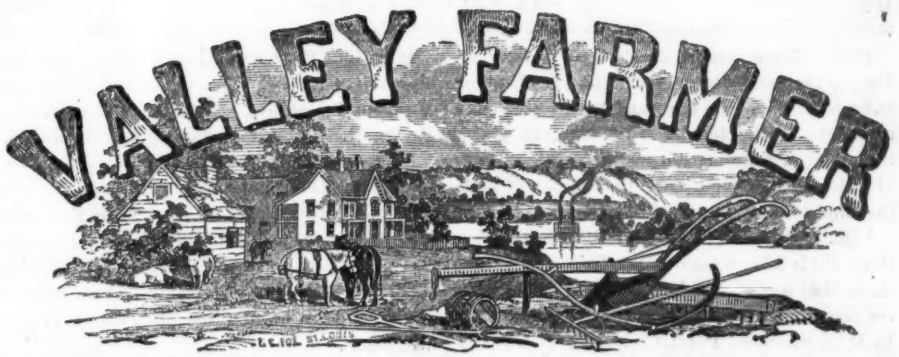

NORMAN J. COLMAN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. BENJ. BRYAN, PUBLISHER.

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ADDRESS, BENJ. BRYAN, PUBLISHER, 97 Chesnut St., Saint Louis, Mo.

Great Floods of the Mississippi.

The following interesting article on the great floods of the Mississippi, is taken from the Report upon the Physics and Hydraulics of the Mississippi river, &c. This report, prepared by Capt. A. A. Humphreys, and Lieut. H. L. Abbott, Corps of Topographical Engineers, U. S. A., was published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., in 1861.

1718. An extraordinary rise of the Mississippi this year. Bienville has selected a site for a city, but the colony not having means to build dykes or levees, the idea was for the present postponed.

1735. Gayarre states that in this year the waters were so high that many levees were broken, and much damage was done. New Orleans itself was inundated. The flood continued from the latter part of December to the latter part of June. When the river fell, it reached a lower point than ever before noted—the range at New Orleans being fifteen feet.

1770. A great flood, according to the tradition recorded by Governor Sargent, but the public statements concerning it are so ambiguous as to render it uncertain whether this flood was equal to that of 1811, or a foot higher at Natchez.

1782. This year the Mississippi rose to a greater height than was remembered by the oldest inhabitant. In the Attakapas and Opelousas the inundation was extreme. The few spots which the water did not reach were covered with deer.

1785. A great flood at St. Louis, in April, said to have been equal to that of 1844. Prof. J. L. Riddell, of New Orleans, states on the authority of the *L'Ami des Lois and Evening Journal*, May 25, 1816, that New Orleans was flooded by crevasses.

1791. Same remarks at New Orleans as for the flood of 1785.

1796. The Teche overflowed its banks for some sixty miles above New Iberia, and poured into Grand Lake in a smooth sheet of water. The lake at this date, attained the highest level on record, being 2:5 feet higher than in 1858, 6:8 feet higher than in 1850, and 14 feet higher than the ordinary Gulf level.

1799. Same remarks at New Orleans as for the flood of 1785.

1809. A disastrous flood, which, according to Governor Sargent's notes, inundated all the plantations near Natchez, and destroyed the crops. It was imagined by the sufferers that the Northern lakes had found a channel to the river. At Natchez, this flood was 1:6 feet below that of 1815, and 2:1 feet below that of 1859—the highest ever known in that vicinity. The date of the highest water was May 4th.

1811. There was a great flood this year. During the great floods of 1811 and 1813, much damage was done by the water rushing through the rents in the levees. Gov. Sargent places this flood at Natchez 1:5 below the high water of 1815, or 2 feet below the high water of 1859, the date of highest water being June 4.

1813. This flood was 6 or 8 inches higher than 1811 (Breckenridge). This writer also states that a rise within 2 or 3 feet of high water, occurred in December of the preceding year. In 1813, when the Point Coupee levee was broken, the water (in the lower part of Atchafalaya basin, Grand Lake,) rose 4 or 5 feet above any elevation it had attained since 1780. During the month of June of that year, which is ordinarily the season of greatest rise, the level of the general body of water, from the efflux of the Atchafalaya, could not have augmented in height more than 4 feet without having thrown the water of the inundation into the Teche in almost its whole length, above the town of St. Martinsvillle. Gov. Sargent's notes at Natchez place this flood 11:3 of a foot below the high water of 1815; 11:8 of a foot below the high water of 1859, the date being June 8.

1815. A very great flood. At the mouth of the Ohio, it attained the highest point ever recorded—i.e., 2 feet above the high water of 1858. The highest water there occurred on April 9. It was due to a general coincidence of freshets in the Ohio, the Upper Mississippi, the Missouri, the Cumberland and the Tennessee. At Natchez, Gov. Sargent's notes state that it was highest on June 22, when it was two inches higher than any flood of which we have records, except that of 1859. Red river must have been low enough to allow bayou Atchafalaya to do good service as an outlet, for, at Morganza, the flood was 0:6 of a foot lower than that of 1828, and no damage below Red river landing is recorded.

1816. Same remarks at New Orleans as for the flood of 1785.

1823. There was a great flood, which was highest at Napoleon, on June 1, and at Natchez on May 23. It was caused by a flood in the Arkansas, which occurred when the Mississippi was high. Between the Arkansas and Red rivers this flood rose generally a little higher than that of 1828, but probably not quite so high as that of 1815. Mr. Samuel Davis' notes place it 0:2 of a foot below high water of 1815, or 0:7 of a foot below high water of 1859. A great number of crevasses occurred below Red river on both banks of the river.

1824. The flood was 0:7 of a foot below the high water mark of 1815, or 1:2 feet below that of 1859, at Natchez, according to the notes of Mr. Samuel Davis. It was highest on May 6.

Between 1824 and 1860, the only great flood years were 1828, 1844, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1858 and 1859. It is true that the river was quite high at certain localities in some of the intermediate years, as in 1832, 1836 and 1847, but the floods were of so secondary a character, in a general point of view, that they do not require discussion.

THE YOUNG FARMER.

It is nothing to plow and sow and harvest your grain; anybody can do that. So can anybody become a mechanic—or even a minister or a lawyer. All a person needs to do, is to select his trade and go at it—and that is the way it is done. And how many poor farmers, wretched mechanics, and most miserable lawyers, do we find? and, we are sorry to say, ministers as poor as any. These men are all out of their place. A man has no business to be a farmer, if he makes a better farm hand. Let him help, and get his wages.

But a farmer, must know how to farm—farming, now-a-days, has become to be quite a trade. It is getting to be a science of the highest order—the higher, the more successful. Books, experience—are necessary. The two must go together. A man must be informed—this gives him the theory. Then he needs the practice. To have a capable farmer overseer—a young farmer a year or two, is an excellent plan. For there is a good deal in starting aright.

Here are a few hints that may be of benefit. Plow and sow early—but not wet; let the ground be pretty dry—but not dusty. This is a critical thing. Where soil is poor, or has been run much, apply manure. Spread it evenly on the top, in the fall—never in the winter, when frozen. Do this on land you intend to plow in the spring; or on meadow and pasture: it is the best way to put on manure. Plaster may be put on when the grain is up: on meadows soon as the grass starts in the spring. Apply lime also in the fall, by spreading it on your fall-plowed land, and harrow it in (in the fall) as soon as spread, unless it is long manure. Ditch your land where wet, as fast as your time and circumstances will admit. Cut your grain when the straw is yet a little green, and cure in stouts. Your grass, cut when in blossom—keep in the cock a few days, and then in with

it. Your cattle must be kept clean and warm in winter, and regularly fed. These are main points.

EFFECTS OF DITCHING.

The best time to *see* the effect of ditching, is when plowing begins in the spring. We have frequently noticed this. We will give a case: A friend of ours has fifteen acres of land. It lies south of the public highway, and is a level, except the farthest side, which has a small rise. This flat has always been rather wet, so as to keep the land in grass. It was sold in consequence of this to the present owner.

A few years ago he ditched the wettest of his three lots, into which he has his land divided. It has since been the driest of all his land, and raises two heavy crops of clover a year. Before that, clover could not be raised on it at all.—Corn luxuriates in the now rich, dry soil. The other two lots are the ones which we went to see. It was on the 20th of April. Both lots were plowed—the one in part. He took me over the plowed ground to show me the effect of his last spring's ditching. There was a ditch run along the foot of the small rise of ground. The difference in the dryness of the ground was most striking: we could hardly believe our own eyes. All the ground below the ditch was perfectly dry and mellow, fit for the harrow. The season is later here (New York) than in the West. Above, the soil was moist, with some frost in it, and unfit to work for at least a fortnight. The difference was as though you had taken a line and stretched it along—a perfect contrast—one step from dry to moist all along. Towards the upper or west end, this difference, however, ceased. It stopped a few rods from the fence. Here, the flats and the knoll were alike—the frost in both, and the field unfit for cultivation. "Why does it lose its effect here," I asked. "The ditch only extends till here," was answered. This, of course, increased our surprise.

We went back to the other end of the lot.—Here the soil was dry on both sides of the ditch—the ground here being level on both sides. "Here there seems to be no difference," we remarked. "There is no difference here, because above there, is another ditch, which cuts off the water." He then told us to find the upper end of this ditch. We cast our eye along to the south-west end of a dry square of ground. "Is that it?" we asked. "That is the spot."

But this last ditch extended into the other lot and ran diagonally to the farther end, which terminated in a swale or swamp. The line of the ditch was as distinct as in the other lot.—The ground below was fit for the harrow—above frosty and wet. And yet this upper ground in both lots had always been the driest; it had been as dry as dry land usually is—anything could be raised on it. The flats were always too wet for grain. Now they were much the driest of the two.

We followed down to the swale. The ditch ran through the middle of it. The water, during the spring, had been running from all directions into it, leaving its traces of gravel and little sand-banks. But all was dry alike, showing the virtue of the ditch underneath.

Another short ditch intersected this. Between the two was a depression. Here there was a little moistness in the ground. Had the ditch, which was but two and a half feet deep, been a foot deeper, this would have also been dry beyond doubt. W. I. T. S.

MAYBERRY'S HARVESTER.

Ed. Valley Farmer: I noticed in a number of the *Valley Farmer* an inquiry about the Header, and also about the Mayberry Header, to which I feel it my duty to the large number of farmers that peruse your journal, to reply.

I own and use one of the Mayberry Harvesters, and purchased it under the following circumstances. The great field trial of headers and reapers, held at De Kalb in 1863, was held on my farm, the Mayberry Header being there and bearing away the first premium. I purchased it, and find it superior to any other header in every particular, and its advantages over the reaper I consider too great for any farmer to allow to pass unnoticed, as it not only makes him independent in harvesting a crop with a few hands, but he saves all the hard labor and expense of cutting, binding and shocking the grain, as a field of grain can be cut and stacked with the header, with the same force required to stack the same if standing in the shock, and then, when the cutting is done, the harvest is finished. I use no machine that atones so largely for the scarcity of help as the header. C. L. Barber, *De Kalb Co. Ill.*

Remember (if you ever knew it) that manure—even if long—is an excellent thing to keep knolls moist, if spread on the surface. In this way grass can be successfully grown on any upland. The coat keeps the moisture from evaporating.

Manure on Lime, as a Top-Dressing.

Our friend, the gardener, last year (rather in the fall previous) gave his garden a top-dressing of lime. This he raked in—the ground had been spaded. He then covered it with a coat of barn-yard manure. Some of the manure was recently made; the rest was well rotted.

This was all done in October, the garden receiving what heat and rain remained of the season, which was considerable. In the spring the ground was spaded several times, and the soil made thoroughly mellow. Such crops the summer through were not raised in any other garden, and never in that before. It seems the lime had an effect upon the manure, and both upon the soil.

We have known a garden worked several years in succession without manure, which yielded abundantly. But the soil was thoroughly pulverized, and this (ancient principle of manure) made a substitute for what could not then be obtained—barn-yard manure. In some places, the ground was worked deep; for instance, where parsnips and deep-reaching roots were raised. The success, here, was greater, the new under-soil being fresh and rich.

But nothing did so well as lime and manure together as a top-dressing. For wheat and corn, and indeed for all grains and grasses, the thing is probably the best coat that can be applied. The lime gives permanency to the impression, and manages the manure admirably.

PAINTING.

Oil is better for being boiled, skimmed and strained through wire or coarse muslin; and some painters boil a few cents' worth of litharge in each gallon of oil to facilitate the operation of drying. Most colors desired, can be had ground in oil, and need but to be thinned with oil to the consistence of cream. However, the last professional painter we employed, used spirits of turpentine chiefly, for all in-doors painting except hearths, which, like out-doors work, being subject constantly to the action of water, must be mixed with oil. As we have said, most primitive colors can be had ground in oil, and need only to be mixed in white paint to afford any desired shade of color.

BLACK.—Ivory black, or common lamp black mixed in oil and strained, is used for common painting—does for base boards, mantels, &c.

LEAD.—Mix black paint with white, until the shade suits you.

OLIVE—Mix yellow ochre with lead colored paint, until you are suited in color.

BUFF—Yellow is the base of buff, into which is mixed cinnabar and white lead.

GREEN—Into 3 quarts of boiling water mix 4 pounds of Roman vitriol; when dissolved, add 2 pounds of pearl-ash; stir with a wooden paddle until effervescence ceases; add a quarter of a pound of pulverized yellow arsenic. Mix thoroughly and give two or three coats. The shade of green will be regulated by the quantity of yellow arsenic used.

BLUE—Indigo ground in oil and mixed in white paint, gives several shades of blue, varying in intensity according to the quantity used. Saxon blue, ground in drying oil and mixed in white paint, gives the lighter shades of blue.

VENITIAN RED—Spanish and the like common paints are simply mixed in oil, and are cheap and serviceable for garden implements and other purposes, where beauty is not a primary consideration. But a small pecuniary saving should not induce one to paint their out-buildings, gates, &c., with colors which stamp the whole place with unmistakeable vulgarity, when sober tints, almost as cheap, or white, do so much redeem even common surroundings from homeliness.

CHEAP WHITE PAINT.—Into three pints of sweet skimmed milk or whey, mix one quart of oil; then stir in the best and whitest lime to consistency of cream, and lay on with a brush as many coats as necessary to give a pure color.

CHEAP DRAB PAINT—Mix finely sifted hydraulic lime with skim milk, until it has the usual consistence of paint. Mix but little at a time and apply with a paint brush.

Now for the process of painting. If your wood-work is new, all nail-holes or defects in the wood must be filled so nicely with putty that they cannot be discerned. The wood must be perfectly clean and rubbed smooth with sand paper. Then the priming—as the first coat is called—must be laid on thin, and is usually white. The successive coats are laid on when the previous coat is dry.

You must take as little paint in your brush as possible; make all the strokes in the same direction, and, wherever possible, running with the grain of the wood. Rub in the paint well, using a small brush for cracks and crevices, and a large brush for large surfaces. Black paint is usually varnished, and will present a fine surface if, after the last coat of paint dries thoroughly, it is rubbed over very smoothly with fine sand paper, and afterwards varnished again. Hearths require several coats of paint and full time to dry.—[*Co. Gent.*

LEAD ROOFING.

Ed. Valley Farmer: I send you a few lines respecting the above-named mode of roofing, believing the *Valley Farmer* to be a good channel through which to convey such information to the public.

I would like to see the manufacture of *Lead* roofing brought to perfection. Lead is very cheap, when used in the manner here mentioned. Roll it as thin as you wish, and as broad and long as may be desired.

In the first place make your roof, and sheet it over with feather edge sheeting, and then roll the lead either way of the roof, and tack it down with saddlers' tacks. Any one, with a little ingenuity, can do it. It will be lighter than an ordinary shingle roof. It is fire-proof. You may paint it any color—white is preferable, however.

If the lead roofing was manufactured, I think a good deal of it could be sold; it would be cheaper than tin, and much lighter and handsomer. G. W D., *Clinton, Mo.*

[We think the lead roof would be an advantage in some respects—it would not be liable to the combustible objection to be found in the shingle roof, while, on the other hand, it would not benefit the cistern, unless thoroughly painted, for the water would not be as pure as that off a shingle roof.—Ed.]

AGRICULTURAL REPORTS.

Sanford Howard, Esq., formerly editor of the *Boston Cultivator*, but recently elected Secretary of the Michigan Board of Agriculture, has just issued a circular propounding the following questions to the farmers of Michigan. We publish them, and if our readers will consider them as applying to their own State, and answer through the *Valley Farmer*, we will gladly publish them.

CULTIVATED CROPS.

1 How long has the soil of your section been cultivated, and what was its original character as to composition, wetness or dryness, &c.—State whether it was prairie, opening, or woodland, and if the latter what were the prevailing species of trees.

2 What are the principal crops, and what has been their average yield per acre from the first. If there has been an increase or a decrease, state how much, and from what causes, particularly in reference to wheat. State the comparative productiveness of different kinds of wheat—white and red.

3 What has been the ruling prices of different kinds of grain, hay, &c. since your section has been cultivated; what is the relative cost of the different crops, and which has been most profitable. State what crops are sold, or what proportion of certain crops, and in general terms how the remainder is disposed of.

4 What kinds of fruits are cultivated in your section, what their relative profits, and also the profits of any kind compared with other crops. State what have been the prices of apples and other fruits, and for what markets they have been sold.

5 Are root crops cultivated in your section. If so, state what kinds are preferred, and the purposes to which they are devoted. State also any facts which are established, bearing on the question of the expediency of root culture in Michigan.

LIVE STOCK.

6 Beyond the number of horses, cattle and swine, deemed essential to farm management, what description of live stock has been most profitable.

7 What have been the prices of beef, pork, mutton, butter and cheese, at your principal market stations or towns.

8 Which of the three kinds of meat mentioned in the foregoing question, can be produced at least cost.

9 What is the average annual yield of butter per cow, and what of cheese.

10 What is the relative cost per lb. of butter and cheese. State if cheese is made on the so-called factory system, in your neighborhood, and with what results.

11 What breed of cattle is most profitable in your vicinity for beef, what for dairy, and if oxen are used for labor, what for that purpose. State what have been the results of the introduction of any distinct breeds, and whence they were obtained.

12 What breed or grade of horses is best adapted to farm work, and what to traveling with light vehicles. State what height and weight of horses are preferred for farm work, and the same for those for traveling. Also, what have been the results of the introduction of different kinds of horses into your section.

13 What breeds of sheep are kept in your section, what has been the average weight of their fleeces, washed or unwashed, and what prices have they brought per lb. State if sheep are fattened for market, either as lamb or mutton, and what breeds are most profitable for these purposes. What have been the results of

the introduction of any distinct breeds or families, and whence they were obtained.

14 What breed of swine is most profitable, at what age are swine usually slaughtered, and what their average dressed weight.

IMPLEMENTS.

15 What labor-saving implements or machines have been introduced into your section, and to what extent has manual labor been thus dispensed with — in other words, with how much less manual labor can a given amount of products be now obtained, than before such implements and machines were used.

16 What kinds of reaping machines, and what kinds of mowing machines are used in your neighborhood. So far as a preference is given to one kind over another, state why.

17 Are corn-planters, grain-drills, broadcast sowing machines (for grain, clover and grass seed, or fertilizers—as ashes, plaster, &c.) used in your neighborhood, and with what results. What kinds of these machines have been tried, and their relative merits, so far as ascertained.

18 What kinds of horse rakes are used in your section, and what their respective advantages.

19 Are horse-pitchforks used in unloading hay, and if so, what is thought of them in reference to saving or lightening manual labor.

20 Are hay-tedders (machines to aid in drying hay) used in your neighborhood, and, if so, what kinds, and with what results.

Describe any special improvement which has been made in plows, harrows, cultivators, or any other implement, and mention any new one that has been introduced.

MANURES.

21 To what extent are the solid and liquid excrements of domestic animals saved, and how saved and applied to the land.

22 To what crops is stable or yard manure usually applied, and in what ratio does the application of a given quantity to the acre commonly increase the yield.

23 Are other manures used—as plaster, ashes, lime, super-phosphate of lime, bones, &c.—and at what cost, and with what results on different soils and crops.

MISCELLANEOUS.

24 What has been the advance, if any, in the value of forest or wood-land within the last five years, and the advance in the value of wood and lumber for the same period.

25 In clearing land, how are the different kinds of timber disposed of. State the prices received for the timber, or articles into which it is immediately wrought.

26 What wages are paid to farm laborers by the day and month, at different seasons of the year. At what rates wages have ranged in former years.

27 Have any experiments been made in under-draining in your neighborhood, either with tiles, stones, or other materials. If so, state on what kind of soils, the manner in which the work was done, the cost per rod and the general results.

28 What agricultural improvements are most needed in your section. Make suggestions as to what can be done to advance the agricultural interest.

Working the Different Soils.

There is much difference in soil. A gravelly soil can be treated with impunity. In some sections plowing is done almost immediately after a rain, and no injurious results seem to follow. There is heavy grain—there are heavy crops throughout the locality. Such soils are of a gravelly nature—commonly dark loam.—But keep a plow out of yellow soil generally, when wet—even when sandy. Time must be given to yellow soil to drain and dry. As to clay, it is simply destructive to plow it when wet. It is making brick of it. It is a lump of grease when wet. And the hurt it receives at one plowing, will always last for years, notwithstanding the mellowing influence of winter. Frost will help, but will not cure: it takes many years to do that. We have had ample demonstration of this. The ground will be "hubby;" and the ax and pounder will be of little avail. So will the roller and the harrow. They will only make smaller the lumps, which are still lumps, still brick-bats—dead ground. Nothing grows in them, or but partially. There may be some dry soil at the top, when plowed, or gravel mixed in, enough to support a shrimp vegetation; but the rest is like so much gravel—the hard, little grains of baked earth. Here, then, is a delicate thing—the proper time to plow clay soil. To plow dry, is to be equally reprobated. This will also produce lumps, unless it is in the rich, black loam, that will withstand pretty much the wet plowing as we have noted above. A soil just right will stand severe treatment. Plow the delicate, meagre soils, *when neither wet nor dry.* That is the best time—that is the only time. You will then avoid the ill effects of the two extremes. The ground will come up mellow, if it has any mellow principle in it. And no time is so good as after a rain in midsummer—a day or two.

Agricultural Items.

Setting Posts.—To fasten a post with gravel, is not good, as it cannot be done permanently. Besides, it will rot a post, as it subjects it to the changes of dry and wet. A notch in the lower end of the post, or a peg put in, with a flat stone put in the notch with one end, or laid on the peg, is a way much practiced, and with success. Avoid gravel—use clayey ground instead, or loam. Land not drained, is apt to heave its posts.

Salt on Land.—It is agreed by our English *savans*—at least some of the most distinguished—Prof. Voelker and Mr. Hooker among them—that a little salt is a benefit to land. It is better, says Prof. Voelker, to use a little than a large quantity. From a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds has a good effect. Salt has an action on the soil, somewhat analagous to lime. It acts mechanically. Thus, the straw of wheat raised from salted land, contained more mineral matter, and was consequently brighter and better, and less liable to lodge, than straw without the salt. A large quantity of salt will injure vegetation, as any one may know by applying it. Salt is highly recommended by distinguished farmers in this country. In the vicinity of New York, experiments with it have proved highly successful.

Manure.—The point is, to get it into the soil—to get it all there. By spreading it thin on the surface, and pulverized, and have it hug the ground close, will, when it rains, give the "juice" to the soil, leaving the strawy parts on the surface—just the spot for them, as they then form a protection from the sun. To make manure fluid by adding to it and stirring it up thoroughly, and so applying it, is the same as to apply it on the top of the ground and let the rain water it. Water then is an excellent way or getting manure into the ground. If manure can be got in the ground as soon as it is formed, you then get all the strength. Keep it near the surface, or harrowed in at the surface, and it will rot. Lime will always aid the rotting.

Changing Seed.—It is a good thing to get seed occasionally from a distance. The same seed on a farm for many years is known to deteriorate. New seed will vegetate better and grow better. Of course the difference is not always so much as to make a great change—but it has a good effect, the same as a change in stock. The vegetable, in this respect, is analagous to the animal. Get good, fresh seed, from a good long distance.

Farming Partnership.—To be a farmer, a man must be a judge of stock—of soil—of the treatment of horses and cattle; he must understand farming, and a great many other things. One way to get this knowledge is, to form a partnership embodying all these principles. Thus one of the firm may be a good judge of stock, and know how to treat and raise them, and to sell them also; another, is an expert at managing the soil. If a third is necessary, he may be one who has a knack at tools, and can keep in repair fences, barns, and buildings in general, and "chore" it—for this (last) is quite an item. Let suitable men form a combination, so as to represent well all branches. Why not as well as in other vocations of life? In combination is strength. A good combination will certainly make good profitable farming. Even one good head in a firm gives it a vast advantage. Think of these things. Do not understand us to say, that partnerships in general are desirable.

Clover on Wet Soil.—If you wish to sow clover, and have wet land, first ditch your land. If you have no time or means, run open ditches through it. You can do this with the plow: for clover will not do well on wet soil. Neither will grass—the best thing that will grow on it—be so sweet and nutritious. It lacks the nitrogen—the flesh-making principle. Try it, and thank us for your success. We shall continue to urge ditching—knowing the benefit.

Liquid Manure.—Set night-soil, if new, out into the warm air for several weeks. Then dilute largely with water, and apply to your garden plants, corn, &c. Other manure will also answer a good purpose, particularly hog and hen manure. Dilute them largely, especially in a drouth—you can hardly then dilute too much. A few such sprinklings will have an effect that will startle you, if you are not experienced in the thing.

An exchange says: To prevent or cure roup, and drive lice from fowls, feed them flour of sulphur, best kind. To a gallon of boiling water, add two large spoonfuls of flour of sulphur, and then thicken with corn meal, or corn and oats ground together. May be fed warm or cold—but not hot. Feed once a week. Keep the hen house clean and sweet, well ventilated, especially in summer and fall.

The Poultry Yard.

FEEDING HENS.

"Hens should be fed like stock out of a rack," thought our neighbor the other day, and forthwith he made the desired rack. It seemed like a bird-cage, with its floor put on legs, so that the hens need not stoop in eating. The legs may be considered an extravagance, as it will not interfere with a fowl's successful feeding to take its food from a level with its feet. The rack was simply a lot of sticks nailed to a board—the board laid flat on the floor—a couple feet in length and a foot wide, and secured on the top in any way you may feel disposed, to make it so as to keep the hens from getting in. The sticks—or, better, laths—must of course be nailed on, on all sides (or, at least two, opposite, and the longest.) Here the feed is put in, and the hens get what they want of it. You can lift this rack with one hand, and set it any where where your hens are—in the barn, on straw, out of doors. It is a handy thing to have. You can have the laths or sticks so that they have the pitch of a roof; or straight up and down, with a covering spread over. The roof-like form was the form we saw—the laths touching at top, not nailed there, only nailed at the bottom, and far enough apart to let the head of the hen in. It is the simplest contrivance (without the legs), and can be made in fifteen or twenty minutes. Try it, and you will not regret following our directions.

So much for the rack. Now a word for feed. Hens must have animal food, or they will not do well. This may be put into the rack, but must be cut fine, or a place left to put it in, which must be made to open and shut. In summer, where hens have the run of the fields, this is not necessary, as they will find insects enough for that purpose. The feed to be given them is just anything you may feel disposed to give them. If you give them fish or anything rank, that rankness will be tasted in the flesh—in the egg. Avoid unhealthy flavors.

WESTERN APIARIAN SOCIETY.

N. J. COLMAN, ESQ. — *Dear Sir:* In the May No. of the *Valley Farmer*, I see a note from an Apiarian, urging the necessity of organizing a Western Apiarian Society.

I have long felt the importance of this, and would be most willing to act in any way that is found desirable in order to forward this movement. In order to get the ball in motion, might it not be well at first for the few of those that are willing to take up the subject, to begin a correspondence, with a view to get the matter before the community? I know several who will be most happy to aid in this work.

St. Louis Co., Mo. WM. MUIR.

Saving Clover Seed—Gang Plows.

ED. VALLEY FARMER: I would like to know whether there is a Machine to Save Clover Seed, as some of our farmers wish to save their own seed. I saw, in Kentucky, some fifteen years ago, a home-made concern, but did not pay much attention to it.

Also, do you know of a good Gang Plow, for breaking up ground. A neighbor of mine told me he had seen one in operation at the Fair in Illinois, in 1856, but not since.

Arrowrock, Mo. J. L. SMITH.

[REPLY.—There are such machines made, and by addressing a letter to any one of the Agricultural Stores, who advertise in our journal, they will promptly furnish all necessary information. It is very doubtful whether any such machines are on hand in the stores here at this time, as there has been great demand and large sales of machinery this spring, owing to the great scarcity of labor.—ED.]

CHEAP WATER COOLER.

ED. VALLEY FARMER: Perhaps some of the readers of the *Valley Farmer* or their friends want a durable, cheap, and excellent water cooler, of their own manufacture, as any one of moderate ingenuity can construct one.

The first requisite is a three-gallon crock, or larger if necessary—short and wide preferable. Get a large tea-chest, or make a box of inch boards—planed, if you want to paint it. Make the box or get the tea-chest at least five inches deeper than the crock. Get one pair of two-inch brass butts (narrow), or larger, if required; procure one bushel of saw-dust or charcoal—if the latter, pound it fine. Make a round cover to fit the crock. Put the crock in the box on an inch of the above saw-dust or charcoal, and as near the centre of the box as possible, leaving a space of about five inches on the nearest point on either side, for the packing material. Put the cover on the crock, pour in your dust or coal, and ram it hard, filling the box to within one inch of the top of the crock. Then make a collar of an inch board to fit close to the crock. This is to keep the saw-dust out of the water. Put your top cover on with the butts. Put in the water, and ten pounds of ice the

first day, and after that five or six pounds per day is sufficient, and you will find always ice left in the morning.

By having the box so much deeper than the crock, you have room sufficient to put a tumbler or tin cup on the collar, without interfering with the closing of the outside cover.

Those who cannot get ice, will find their well water keep cool, in a cooler made after the above fashion. Will some one try it, and let us hear from him? I have one in use for three years, and would not be without it. I have ice water at any time I require it. S. D. W.

WOMAN AND HER TOILS.

What a mysterious Providence! say the farmers' wives, as they come together to look for the last time on one of their number; and they glance pityingly on the bereaved husband and the family of children, varying in size from the tall youth or blooming maiden, down to the little child. Truly it is a mystery that she should be taken away in the prime of life when her children need her watchful care and counsel more than ever before. But let us examine into the life led by many farmers' wives, and see if we can gain a clue to this Mysterious Providence, which so often leaves the family circle desolate.

A young farmer marries, and for a year or two his wife can do very well without help; but by and by his work is too much for him alone, and he must have a hand; and, one by one, little children increase the family, until the wife's burden is much heavier than when she took it up. But he is just getting a start, and if they want to get rich—as everybody does—they must economise, so she "gets along" without help. She rises early, milks the cows, gets breakfast (often for several men), dresses the children, washes dishes, skims milk, churns, perhaps sweeps rooms, makes beds, prepares dinner, cleans up, snatches an hour to sew, keeping a restless baby quiet meanwhile, gets supper, milks again, puts the children to bed, and after they and the husband are asleep, resting from their weariness, sits up to sew, that she may save paying a seamstress.

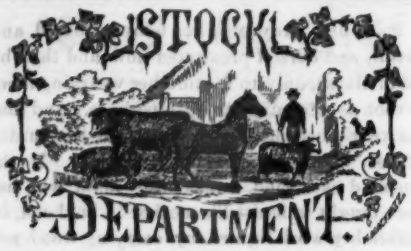
In addition to this daily routine, she does all the washing, ironing, baking, scrubbing, house-cleaning, soap-making and hog killing work—it costs so much to hire help. So year after year she toils and drudges, not allowing herself the least opportunity for improving her mind, so that she may be a better guide and counseller for her children. And very soon her fair face is faded and careworn, her temper soured and fretful, and herself prostrated now and then by fits of illness, only to resume her wearying labor as soon as returning strength permits. And thus she yearly becomes less able to bear the burden of her increasing household duties. If the husband is a kind, considerate man, who has been taught to assist his mother in boyhood, he makes her work lighter, by carrying wood and water, amusing the children and doing numberless little things, which may be trifling in themselves, but are of much importance in the aggregate.

But too many men leave the wife to draw water and carry wood, and if she finds it cut part of the time, she considers herself fortunate—and as for the baby, he thinks it is a woman's place to nurse children, so it frets and cries, or mamma must work with it on her arm, while he reads his paper or talks with his hired men.

Well, the farm increases in value and fertility, and his labor in producing for his family becomes lighter, as he is able to hire more help; but it is an old thing, both to himself and his wife, for her to do all the housework, with what little help the elder children, if they are girls, can give her; for, if they are boys, they cannot work much for her; as soon as they can use a hoe, they must help father; and so she toils on in the same old fashion.

And when the comfortable new house is built and nicely furnished, and her children are beginning to be a real help to her, the pale, sickly wife and mother lies down to die!—Truly her sun goes down at noonday. She has saved, by ceaseless, wearying toil, hundreds o dollars for her husband, and he has lost—what money is powerless to recall—the companion of his youth, the one who has walked beside him through life's most thorny paths.

And friends say it is a Mysterious Providence! Just as if God ordained that the mother should be taken from her children when they are most exposed to temptation and danger! Instead of laying it to Providence, let us remember the days spent in toil, when the weak, exhausted frame was suffering from disease, induced perhaps by over-exertion; the hours stolen from needed slumber and devoted to labor; the numberless household duties performed with a fretful infant upon her arm; the immense amount of time spent in cooking over a hot fire, and the many sleepless nights passed in anxious watching over sick children. When we look at the subject in this light, is it so very mysterious that so many women die in their prime?—[*Ex.*



American Wild Sheep and Goats.

America has two tribes of animals indigenous to the mountains of the Pacific slope, unlike any of the same class in Europe, Asia or Africa. One of these is known as the Big Horn or California Sheep, *Ovis Montana*, and the other as the Mountain Goat, *Capra Americana*.

Both of these animals appear to have been as common as deer in Lower California, when the Old Missions were established. In 1746 the goats were abundant at the mouth of the Colorado, according to one of the Jesuit missionaries. They were noticed by some of those writers as early as 1546 to 1580. Now, the goats, not abundant anywhere, are, perhaps, most so in Idaho. They inhabit the most inaccessible mountains—and the term, "wild as deer," does not begin to convey an idea of their extreme timidity.

They are sometimes killed by hunters, their furs being prized, and their skins selling at a very high price.

A great deal of anxiety has been felt by some persons to obtain pairs of these goats alive for domestication—but we have no knowledge that it has been accomplished. It has been asserted by those who have examined the skins of those killed by hunters, that the fleece would be as valuable as that of the Cashmere goat.

If it is possible to domesticate these natives, the roughest features and most uncultivated parts of California, Arizona, and New Mexico, and other mountainous territories, could be utilized for pasturing goats, that would produce fleeces far more valuable than those of sheep. Although we find the habitat of this goat in a southern region, it is not certain that it could not be domesticated farther north. The only doubt is whether it would bear confinement and artificial winter feeding. In the States where the climate would permit of the animals ranging on the hills during winter, the cost of keeping a flock of goats would be only the wages of a shepherd.

The *Ovis Montana* we do not think would make a valuable domestic animal, even if it could be domesticated, which is very doubtful, as it is more wild than the goat. It would be extremely difficult to obtain a pair of the "Big Horns," as they occupy the most inaccessible mountains in the lambing season, and if a ewe could be discovered, she would leave her young hidden in some nook, and lead the hunter to a precipice that he would only be able to look over, down which the "Big Horn" would plunge, a hundred feet at a leap.

This animal was once very plentiful in the mountains of Lower California, but it is now very rarely seen. Its dread of man is so great that it will not exist in his presence. It is so shy and agile that hunters find great difficulty in approaching near enough for a shot.

A full grown "Big Horn" sheep weighs 200 to 520 lbs. In place of wool, it has a coat of gray or brown hair, compact, stiff and bristling, at the roots of which grows a thick fleece of fine soft fur, of a light reddish color.

When fat, the flesh of this animal is much esteemed, and hunters, both white and red, often spend a day, in a sort of bo-peep play with one of the cunning "Big Horns," which seems to know the range of his rifle as well as he does himself, and though often seen is just a little too far off. Many a man has fired at one standing upon the edge of some dizzy precipice, and, seeing it come tumbling to the bottom, has counted his success as certain; but on going to look has found no trace, except where the animal alighted safely upon his big horns. It is the immense size of the horns that give the local name. These animals were formerly seen in large flocks. It is naturally more gregarious than the goat. It supposed that the sheep have been affected by some epidemic since the country has been occupied by white men and their flocks, as the horns of the sheep have been found in spots in Lower California, almost covering a surface of acres in extent.

The mountain sheep is never seen so far north as the mountain goat, though it is sometimes found in the southern part of Oregon.—The goat has been reported as far north as the Russian possessions on the Pacific coast. Occasionally a "Big Horn" is killed in the Kaw River Mountains. The improved long range rifles of the present day appear to be too much for the sagacity of this animal.

Like the buffalo, the range of wild sheep and goats is contracting so fast, that the race will probably soon disappear. The sheep are more abundant at the present time in Arizona than

anywhere else, but gold hunters will soon drive them away, and it is not long before their history will be read as of "things that once were." [*N. Y. Tribune.*

BLOAT OR HOVEN IN CATTLE.

The term, bloat, has long been discarded by Veterinarians as an indefinite term, signifying a state of turgescence, dilation, inflation, or puffiness, which is merely indicative of changes in the form and condition of parts, without regard to the actual seat or nature of the difficulty.—However, as every farmer appears to be somewhat conversant with the condition of the animal known as, bloat, or hoven, we shall not offer any remarks calculated to mystify him, but merely suggest that the term, tympanites, be substituted for bloat. Tympanites intestinalis, signifies a distension of the intestines with wind or gas, accompanied by an elastic distension of the abdomen; the latter, when struck or sounded by a blow, sounds like a drum, and indicates a windy distension of the abdominal viscera, commonly known as flatulent colic.

Tympanites rumenites, signifies distension of the rumen, in the bovine species—the ox and cow—and in the phraseology of the grazier is known as bloat or hoven.

The direct cause of flatulence and windy distension, is imperfect digestion; in such cases, the food, instead of undergoing the normal process of digestion, whereby it is converted into chyme and chyle, ferments and evolves gases, either carbonic acid or sulphuretted hydrogen, and, as a little leaven leavens the whole loaf, so the fermentation once commenced in the stomach, goes on until the food is in a state of putrefaction, or up to the period when all its gaseous material has been extracted. Ere this takes place, it frequently happens that the animal dies, either by rupture of the rumen, or some portion of the abdominal viscera. In some cases unrelieved, the distension becomes so great, that the animal dies in a state of suffocation, occasioned by the pressure on the diaphraghm, and other important parts and organs.

Imperfect digestion may be occasioned by a deranged condition of the digestive organs, induced by various causes, such as give rise to the same phenomena in man—viz., errors in diet, sudden changes in the same. Thus, if stall-fed animals be turned into a field of clover or into a luxuriant pasture, they not only eat greedily and create an undue distension of the stomach, but they partake of food containing a large amount of aqueous matter, which every one knows is more indigestible than dry food, and such a sudden change of diet is not always to be tolerated.

There can be no dispute about the causes of bloat, hoven or tympanites; it evidently is occasioned by imperfect digestion. As a general proposition, therefore, we may contend that all indigestible matter may, directly or indirectly, produce a tympany of the abdominal viscera, and we may also contend that an animal may occasionally become tympanic under the most intelligent management, owing to some inherent singularity of constitution in the local organs, honestly inherited from sire or dam, or their ancestors. Hence the reader will infer that this dyspepsia or indigestion is like various other diseases which seem to appear without any direct cause—transmissible, not always, directly, but by pre-disposition to this and other maladies, which is said "to lurk in breed and conformation," over which we have but little control, other than palliative.

TREATMENT.

Supposing the abdomen to be distended to its utmost capacity by the extricated gas, and the animal is oppressed and distressed in the act of breathing—there is no time to be lost—it is useless to resort to drug medication—the case is imminent. The gas must be evacuated immediately, and we therefore puncture the flank on the left side, in its most salient region, by means of the trocar and canula; an instrument somewhat similar to that used for tapping the chest. Immediate escape of the gas is the result, and the patient is soon relieved. Now, we may resort to medication, and that medicine is best which is calculated to arouse the action of the stomach and arrest fermentation. With these objects in view, I recommend the following:—

Hyposulphite of soda,	4 drachms.
Tincture of ginger,	2 ounces.
Water, - -	1 pint.

Dissolve the hyposulphite in the water, and then add the tincture of ginger. Drench the animal with the same. If the tincture of ginger cannot be obtained, then substitute 4 drachms of the pulverized root. If the case be curable, the above treatment is almost sure to afford relief. The medicine, however, may be repeated at the end of four hours, if necessary.

Introduction of the Trocar.—Having ascertained that the animal is in a dangerous condition, owing to the great quantity of gas present within the rumen, the most prominent point of

the left flank should then be selected. Here make an incision through the integument, sufficiently large to admit the instrument; then draw the skin upward, and puncture the abdomen; in this way we make an indirect opening, so that when the trocar is withdrawn, the integument covers the orifice made last. The trocar must be kept very sharp or keen, so that it may, without using much force, penetrate the peritoneum, and lastly the rumen; once within the latter, all resistance ceases; the trocar is now withdrawn, and the canula remains for the passage of the gas. In bad cases, the moment the cutting instrument is withdrawn from its sheath, the gas will escape with a noise resembling a steam whistle, which conveys to us the idea that we are in the presence of a living locomotive, issuing a blast of warning to keep out of smelling distance—for oftimes the odor is intolerable.

It is best to let the tube remain in the stomach or paunch, until the abdomen is reduced to about its natural size; the instrument must occasionally be drawn forth a little or pushed forward, as the case requires, and when it becomes obstructed with any portion of the contents of the stomach, a quill or straw may be used to clear the obstruction, and as the gas escapes and the paunch or bowels recede, the canula, which is about six inches in length, must be pushed forward as far as it will go.

Relief may sometimes be obtained by passing the probang into the stomach. And I should advise its use in such cases as those attended by eructation of wind by the mouth from the stomach.—[DR. G. H. DADD.

CHURNING.

A talented Frenchman once wrote a pamphlet upon the proper manner of blowing out a candle; and I suppose the reader will consider his book, and the heading of this article to be parallel cases, and exclaim: "Why everybody knows how to churn." But I think a careful examination will show that everybody does not know how to churn—or, rather, how to produce butter from cream—or we should have less growling from the "gudewife," because the butter would not come.

All who have had any experience in the matter, know the apparently perverse nature of butter; at times it will come—that is, separate from the buttermilk—in a few minutes, and sometimes will not come at all. This, and many other curious facts may be made clear by a little careful investigation in the matter, which, with thy permission, friend editor, I propose to make.

The butter exists in the cream in the form of minute globules surrounded by a thin film of casein, and to obtain the butter we must first break this film. This may be done in two ways—either by agitating or heating it. There are several conditions which influence the time required for separating the butter by churning; and if these are thoroughly understood and complied with, there will be little or no trouble in getting butter to come. The main and most important condition is the temperature of the cream when it enters the churn; there seems to be a certain medium established, and it seems to make but little difference whether the temperature of the cream is above or below it, there will still be the same trouble in breaking the casein which envelopes the globules of butter. The cream, when poured into the churn, should not have a higher temperature than 55° nor a lower one than 53°. When put in at this temperature, it will rise from 5° to 10° during the operation of churning.

Another important condition, which does much to influence the time required for separating the butter, is the state of the cream when it is put into the churn. If sweet, it will require much longer than if sour—and it is an established fact, that before butter can be made the cream must be sour; and if it does not reach this state before it goes into the churn, it must and will afterward, or no butter will be obtained. Some of those who always take the premium at our county fairs, always churn sweet cream to obtain it, and I have often had this thrown in my teeth when advocating the above doctrine, but that does not controvert my argument, for before the butter separates it does get sour.

A thermometer hanging in the room where the cream is kept, will indicate the temperature of the cream at the time, and this may be either raised or lowered to about 54° after it goes into the churn, by adding cold or hot water, as the case may require, while the churn is in motion.

The time occupied in churning has a great effect upon butter, and also upon the temperature of the cream in the churn; if the cream is at 55° when put into the churn, very fast churning will raise it too high, and soft, light colored butter will be the result, especially in warm weather; in cold weather the motion should be faster, in order to keep up the proper temperature. I have known entire churnings to be thrown into the hog-tub because one or two of

these necessary conditions were not complied with. Even when the churn fails to separate the butter, we have one unfailing agent left in the form of heat, which never fails to burst the film of casein, but will not produce an article fit to be called butter—but it can be put to uses known to every good housekeeper.

Some are in the practice of churning the whole milk; in this case, it should have a temperature of at least 65° before going in the churn.—[*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

GOOD RESULTS—SHEEP RAISING.

We often hear sheep raisers making complaint, that their mutton sheep bring but small prices, that feed is scarce, labor high, and wool low. We recently made a very pleasant call at Dr. Toland's house, to look at his sample book of wool—for, be it known, Dr. Toland does something else beside surgery and medicine. He does not give all his time to cutting off limbs and administering pills. Dr. Toland has a noble ranch of about 1,600 acres, above Rio Vista, and here he has a splendid flock of about 10,000 sheep, which were begun with American and Mexican, but are now crossed and re-crossed by the very best full-blood French and Spanish bucks, until he has one of the best flocks of sheep in our State.

It is the intention of Dr. Toland to bring his flock up to the very highest standard, rejecting gradually everything that will not improve by crossing. The book of samples shows full blood French, full blood Spanish, Saxony and all the grades, ¼, ½, ¾, ⅞, etc., and of each cross—and splendid samples of all his pet bucks, ewes, and lambs. Among the named animals from which he has samples, we noted Abraham Lincoln, Gen. Halleck, Gen. McClellan and numerous others, who have done honor to their country.

The care bestowed upon his flock of sheep, as evinced by his samples, is a proof of care and wise forethought. Dr. Toland's flock numbers about 10,000 sheep; the present year he had 4,000 lambs, and the quantity of wool from his flock is best judged when we say, that of a clip of 25,000 to 30,000 pounds—the sales this year—he received the fine price of 32 cents on the warf. This is a good price, equal to more than 50 cents in New York. This result is an honor to Dr. Toland. We rejoice to herald such facts of one who has done and is doing much with his wealth to advance the best interests of our State.—[*Cal. Farmer.*

BIG HEAD.

The following is said to be a cure for Big Head:

"Half pint of oil of dry red cedar, half pint of oil of the heart of dry sassafras, half a pint of oil of the heart of dry white oak, half a pint of spirits of turpentine—to all of which add one vial of spike. It should be kept in a bottle well corked, and well shaken before using it.

Use as follows: Make a small mop, saturate it well with the medicine by dipping it into the bottle, then apply it to the affected part, whether it be the head only, or the under jaws also—for they soon become affected, which is easily known by their enlarging. After having thus applied a tablespoonful in all, drive it in with a very hot iron. It is best to use two irons, or heat a second time.

If the case is a bad one, this remedy should be applied at morning, noon and night for six or eight days, and then at morning and evening for as long a time, and finally once a day for a few days—then cease for eight days, after which if the parts affected have not began to diminish, apply as before.

Horses with big head should be kept out of the rain—though they should have plenty of exercise, and eat but little or no corn, as it may aggravate the fever. I am persuaded that three pints of medicine, made and applied according to the above directions, will cure perhaps the worst cases of big head. From one pint to one quart is sufficient in its earliest stages.

The different kinds of oil is to be obtained by splitting the different kinds of wood fine, as if to run tar, then mix equal parts, and place under a pot, on which build a fire as if to run tar."

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—Gentleness, like charity, is twice blessed—the effects of which on the animals around the homestead are scarcely less noticeable than upon the family of your household. No man can be truly kind to the latter without letting his cattle feel the influence of his spirit. Soft words and kind looks turn away wrath among cattle as among mankind. Harshness has its curse in the hatred which the brute beasts feel, though they cannot utter their scorn, except in occasional kicks or bites, and by general ugliness, as it is called. An ear of corn, or a little salt, or a lock of hay, even a kind look or a gentle action, such as petting your horse, has influence more or less in making your appearance always a source of pleasure to the animals around you. It is a cheap luxury, this, of rendering the brute beasts comfortable around your homestead.

An Essay on the Mule, by Josh. Billings.

The mule is haf hoss and haf jack, and then comes to a full stop, natur diskovering her mistake. Tha weigh more akordin to their heft than enny other kreetur except a crowbar. Tha kant hear enny quicker nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enough for snow shoes. You kan trust them with enny one whose life aint worth more than the mule's. The only wa to keep them into a paster, is to turn them into a medder jinein, and let them jump out. Tha are ready for use just as soon as tha will du tu abuse. Tha aint got enny more friends than a Chatham street Jew, and will live on hucklel berry brush, with an ockasional chaw at Kanada thistles. Tha are a modern invenshun; I don't think the Bible deludes to them at tall. Tha sell for more money than enny other domestic animals. You kant tell their age by looking into their mouth, enny more than you kould a Mexican kannon's. Tha never had no disease that a club won't heal. If they ever die, they must come right to life again, for I never heard nobody say "ded mule." Tha are like sum men, very korrupt at hart; ive known them tu be good for six months just to get a chance to kick sumbody. I never owned one, nor never mean to, unless there is United States law passed requirin it. The only reason why tha are pashunit is because tha are ashamed ov themsel's. I have seen eddikated mules in a sirkus—tha kould kick and bite tremenjis. I would not sa what I am forced to say agin the mule, if his birth warnt an outrage—and he haint to blame for it. Enny man who is willin tu drive a mule, ought tu be exempt by law from running for the legislatur. Tha are the strongest kreeters on arth, and heaviest accordin to their size. I here tell ov one who fell orph from the tow-path on the canal, and sunk as soon as he touched bottom, but he kept rite on towin the boat tu the nex stashun, breathen through his ears, which was out ov water about three feet six inches. I didn't see this, but an auctioneer told me of it, and i never knew an auctioneer to lie, unless he would make something out of it.

WEIGHT OF CATTLE.—The *Canada Farmer*, in reply to a correspondent, says: Many experiments have been made by graziers and salesmen to ascertain the net weight of cattle by measurement, and a number of rules and tables have been formed from the results obtained. None, however, can be regarded as absolutely correct. With the most accurate measuring, is required a practical acquaintance with the points and forms of animals, and allowance must be made according to age, size, breed, mode and length of time of fattening, &c.—conditions which require a practical eye and lengthened experience to correctly appreciate. We have found the following method to lead generally to trustworthy results.

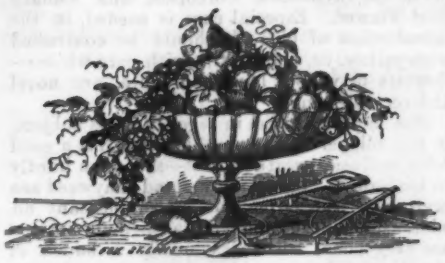
Measure carefully with a tape-line from the top of the shoulder to where the tail is attached to the back; this will give the length. For the girth, measure immediately behind the shoulder and forelegs. Multiply half the girth by itself in feet, and the sum by the length in feet, and the product will give the nett weight in stones of 8 lbs. each. For example, with an ox or cow 5 feet in length and 7 feet in girth, the calculation will be as follows:

Multiply half the girth by itself in feet,	3.5
	3.5
	12.25
Multiply by the length in feet,	5
Weight in stones,	61.25

CURING BAD HABITS.—I have heard that there is no remedy for a runaway horse so effective as flogging. He must needs gallop; well, my friends, then gallop. I have a good pair of spurs on—in they go. I have a whip, hard, pliant, heavy—lay on thick. Here is a nice, steep hill—up we go. Here is a deep-plowed field—oh, yes, keep up your pace—and how do you like it?

I remember a horse dealer who always cured a fault by indulging it. He had once a brute sent him which occasionally stood still. Farmer Waiscoat had flogged him, and he would not move for an hour. Well, this man took the beast, put him in his break and drove off. In ten minutes he came to a dead stand. Breaker said nothing, did nothing. Horse didn't quite know what to reply; tried to look back with his ears, waited half an hour and then began to move. No, my friend, said the breaker, you may stay here all day. The farmers passed him, going to market, with uncomplimentary greetings. What, can't you make him move? Breaker doesn't look put out, though. Farmers drive on, show their samples, dine at the ordinary, and jog home, a trifle merrier, late in the afternoon. Breaker still there, master of the position. The horse never stopped again.

BLIND STAGGERS.—The following is an effectual remedy, it is said, for this formidable disease in horses: Gum camphor 1 ounce, whisky or brandy 1 pint, dissolved. Dose, 1 gill, in a half pint of gum arabic, flax-seed, or some other mucilaginous tea, given every three or four hours. Seldom necessary to give more than three doses. The horse must be kept from water twenty-four hours. Never bleed in this disease.



HORTICULTURAL.

Fruit in Respect to Locality.

There is a world of experiment yet to be tried with fruit before we can arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. But progress is being made. It is found that locality has an important bearing upon fruit—that is upon the bearing properties. Thus the fruit of the East will act differently in the West. The best strawberries, pears and apples in the East, may be useless at the West. They may either not bear at all, or bear a deteriorated fruit; and what succeeds excellently in the West, is often but an ordinary fruit in the East. Grapes improve by traveling from the East to the West. Strawberries are very fluctuating. There is now and then a fruit that will grow anywhere. The Bartlett pear is said to be one of them.

What then are we to do? In Westchester county on one side of the city of New York, the Strawberry apple is a success; on the other side of the city, on Long Island, they are cutting down the trees, as they are found to be worthless. Sometimes one man is successful with one fruit, while his neighbor fails entirely. What then are we to do in such cases? We are not left without means to secure an excellent variety of fruit. There are some varieties among nearly or quite all kinds of fruit that will succeed—so that every locality may have a fair assortment. All that needs to be done, is, to test the different kinds. Take the more generally successful, and give good cultivation. on elevated rather than low soil. This will exempt more from the attacks of the curculio and insects in general, and give a healthier but more acid condition to the fruit. The sun mellows and refines. In the valley there is more sun. Thus our Spitzenbergs in the valley, the past year, were larger and sweeter than half a mile distant on the hill, where, also, the curculio was almost harmless, while in the valley its ravages were severe.

In the West, on our prairies, the cold winds prevail successfully against our fruit trees—though the fruit, through the mellowing influences of summer, is improved. The West will always be a sufferer in her fruit trees, however good her fruit may be. Screens mus be resorted to; this will be a necessity; already we see its advantages. Some localities are naturally suited to it—some that protect, and are otherwise favorable. But each one must look for himself. Experiment is the only thing that is reliable. Test your fruit. A wood, a grove, a hill, are protections—not against the fruit, but the trees. The accidental frosts are common to all our Northern localities. In the West, we must *screen* the trees and *test* the fruit. F.G.

Plant Grape Seed on the North Side of your House for Success.

Ed. Valley Farmer: In the fall of 1862, I planted a great many grape seeds close to my house, on the north side, and in the spring following, about one hundred seed germinated and grew to fine vines. Some of the canes grew to the length of two feet, others not more than six inches, and nearly all had roots from six to fourteen inches long. They are now transplanted, and are doing finely.

Let those who wish to experiment, plant on the north side of the house. Put the seed in the ground not exceeding the depth of half an inch—it must be deeply spaded ground. Mine is sub-soil clay, thrown from the cellar when it was dug. The seed was planted in the latter part of September. I have also had greater success in raising grape vines from the cuttings, on the north side of the house, losing but very few. S. D. W., *Carondelet, Mo.*

THE CONCORD GRAPE.

In some localities, this grape takes the preference over most others as an eating grape. We have heard the remark frequently made. We have heard the grape denounced—sometimes by those who were capricious in their tastes, sometimes by those who had an unfavorable locality, and hence a depreciated fruit. We should therefore be very careful in our opinions; all things should be considered. One man brags of his fruit—another runs it down. The fruit really is different, or the man is prejudiced. We have found this to be the case. All agree that the Concord is a fine, prolific grape—and not positively bad either for wine or the table. A carefully grown Concord, in a favorable locality, will be agreeable to the taste of any man whose appetite is keen and unperverted. We lay aside Byron for the

more profound Wordsworth, and the more refined Tennyson. We feed upon Keats, and thereafter breathe ambrosia. And yet if we are made of solid stuff enough not to be spoiled, we will turn aside and read Manfred and the Prisoner of Chillon with a relish. We have a critical penchant for the Delaware, while her country-cousin, the Concord, is looked down upon, because she is "coarse," when she is but healthy, prolific, vigorous, the handsomest and healthiest of many grapes. But she is the poor man's grape, and therefore won't do.

BOQUET MAKING.

The *Rural New Yorker* has the following:

I don't know as I can exactly describe the operation of making boquets, since experience is the very best teacher of the art; but perhaps I can give Nellie a few hints that may be useful if she is a beginner. Her question has set me thinking on the subject of floral arrangements, and wondering why people that love flowers do not use them more in the decoration of house and table.

For the outer circle of the flat boquet, take flowers with long, stiff stems, as Schizanthus, Salvia, Stock, Monk's Hood, Snap Dragon, &c. Arrange two or three branches of these for the top, and tie them firmly with one end of a long cord. I prefer a strip of old cotton cloth about an inch wide; then proceed carefully downward, fastening each addition by winding the cord around it, and taking especial pains to keep all as flat as possible. Trim the ends to fit the vase, and nothing more is needed. For a round boquet, the process is essentially the same, only regard must be had to the different shape desired. It might be well to wind upon a stick, as that would render the work firmer; but, after a little experience, it could be dispensed with. The pyramidal is a deservedly popular style of boquet, and admits the use of almost every flower; it is perhaps a little more difficult to arrange, and needs much perseverance.

As a rule, do not put anything full-blown into boquets; in selecting Verbenas, Candytuft, Sweet Williams, Phlox, Geraniums, &c., be sure that the central buds have not opened, if you wish your boquet to last any length of time. Especial regard must be had to the arrangement of colors; the various reds, pink and white, should be the sole dependence for positive hues, but do not ever omit a little yellow, if it is nothing but two or three buttercups.—The best yellow flowers are Hawk's Eye, Bartonia, Eschscholtzia, Coreopsis, and Canary Bird Flower. Especial care is needed in the introduction of blue; it should be contrasted with yellow, or, better still, with pure white.—Boquets of yellow, blue and white, are novel and very pleasing.

One important item in regard to this subject, is the foliage. Take anything that has a good color, and use a great deal of it—there can hardly be too much. Carrot leaves and Mayweed are pretty, but the latter has too unpleasant an odor. Rocket tops and Cyryesanthemum sprouts are very good, with occasionally a bunch of myrtle, or a few sprays of asparagus.

A Good Tree, a Good Example.

To see an apple tree show clean limbs, with the sun and air upon them, brightening them up, and showing their marrow-like thrift—this is a pleasant thing; and this is what every true lover of trees has—has it, if he possibly can; if not, he will be sure to notice such trees in other orchards. For such trees will produce fruit like themselves, better than the gnarled, rusty-looking branches—better than these same good trees neglected. We are glad to see such limbs reflect so good an example. Our best orchardists, therefore, are doing much good—just by their good example. A tree thus becomes a poem. The fruit is its utility. But the fruit is like the tree—as nice as poetical; yellow or red—that cheek-like red; and fragrance—the fragrance is almost as much as the taste, as the flavor. Then there are the apple blossoms, with their "white and their red," as some poet has it, when he wished to express his mistress' cheeks. The odor also is an important thing, and it affects the senses so much in the season—the season of apple-tree blossoms. Think of that! It is one of the dear remembrances of youth. We look to the early time, and we always see the apple blossoms there: that is spring—the spring-time of life, as well as the spring-time of the year. And these same seasons return yet every year. We are young yet, when they come—and perhaps cry, as we did then, only the tears now are somewhat different.

EFFECT OF THE SUN ON APPLES.—If limbs are thinned out, so that the sun can strike every apple—as should be the case—the fruit will be all the sweeter, and vice versa. Hence, apples too tart should be thinned well. The same fruit, or any fruit, will be more sour on elevated ground where the air is cooler. These things should enter into the consideration of people who contemplate setting out orchards. By pruning and situation, much can be effected.—Other fruit than apples are similarly affected. F.

Fig. 1.

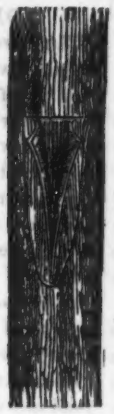


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

BUDDING.

To nurserymen and gardeners, the propagation of trees by budding affords additional facilities for increasing the stock of trees; for, after the season of grafting has passed, considerable time may be employed in budding, and this can be performed at different periods, according as the different kinds of fruit arrive in their growth to the proper stage for the operation. Apple and pear trees may be propagated with about equal facility by either process; but stone fruit, and particularly peaches, are chiefly confined to budding. An expert hand, with a boy to follow and bind, can insert one thousand or twelve hundred buds in a day. But it is not for the nurseryman particularly that we write, because, as a trade, the subject is well understood by him, but to farmers in general it is an interesting one, and may often prove useful, we shall, therefore, endeavor to describe the process in a manner clearly to be understood by any one who is disposed to make a trial. To the ladies, we may also bestow a favor, for roses may be budded at almost any time during summer and early fall, and the buds inserted will bring flowers in a few weeks after the buds are set. The common, old fashioned blush rose and the Manetta make good stocks on which to bud any of the perpetual bloomers.

Unlike the process of grafting, that of budding is confined to narrower limits, as to time for each variety of tree or plant to be propagated, and can only be performed when the stock on which it is intended to operate shall be in a thrifty and healthy state, just after the tree or plant has passed the period of its most rapid growth, and just before the terminal buds are formed.

As in grafting, there are various modes of budding, but there is but one that is now generally practiced, and that we shall describe.—For fruit trees into small seedling stocks, and particularly the peach, it is best to set the bud as near as possible to the ground, but when it is necessary to put new heads upon larger trees it may be performed on the branches, provided there is vigor of growth sufficient to produce a free flow of sap. In nursery trees our practice has been to set the buds upon the side of the stock least exposed to the drying influence of the sun, but if the weather proves cloudy, it is not absolutely necessary.

In setting the buds, a smooth place on the stock should be chosen, the leaves and small branches removed for a short space, so as to render the work convenient to be performed; at this point, an incision is made lengthwise through the bark of the stock, and a small cut at right angles at the top, as seen in Fig. 1. A bud is then taken from a shoot of the present year's growth, by setting the knife in three-eighths or half an inch above the bud to be removed, and cutting downwards about an inch and a half in length, with a small part of the wood directly beneath the bud. The edges of the bark at the incision in the stock, are then raised a little with the ivory on the end of the handle of the budding knife, as in Fig. 2; the bud is then pushed downwards under the bark as shown in Fig. 3. A bandage of basswood bark, properly prepared, or of corn husks or soft twine, is then bound round, covering all parts but the bud. The band should be drawn sufficiently tight to bind the bark to its place, but not so firm as to wound or bruise the bark. See Fig. 4.

The shoots containing the buds should be cut when so mature as to be rather firm and hard in texture; they are usually in the best condition about the time the terminal bud has formed.—To prevent the loss of sap in the shoots, the leaves must be immediately cut off, leaving about a quarter of an inch of the footstalk. In this condition the buds may be kept a week or more if rolled in a damp cloth or paper, and kept in a moist, cool place, or they may be transported long distances, packed either in wet cloth or moss.

It is the custom with European gardeners to remove the small pieces of wood beneath the bud before it is set, but it is not a good practice; in our dry, hot climate, the wood prevents the speedy drying up of the bud, and tends greatly to insure the healing around it.

After twelve or fourteen days, on thrifty stocks, the bandages cut into the stock, by its increased growth and renders it necessary that they should be loosened or cut. On all fruit trees, &c., the buds remain dormant until the following spring, when the stock is cut off just above the bud, and slanting upwards from it. All other buds on the stock must be rubbed off as they put out.

Buds inserted in the early part of the season may be made to grow the same season by heading down the stock after the bud has fairly united. But, with the exception of roses, nothing is gained, as a general thing, by it; because the young wood will hardly have time to mature sufficient to withstand the cold of winter.

With a few sweet briers, or the old, common blush rose, for stocks, the multiplying all the improved varieties of the rose by budding, affords a pleasant recreation for ladies having a taste for the beautiful.

IMPERIAL STRAWBERRY.

ED. VALLEY FARMER: I have grown this berry and given it the best of culture, and received in return fine large berries, larger than any I have ever seen. If left on the vine until they turn purple, or between a purple and scarlet, they are of good flavor—but it is deficient as a market berry, it does not produce more than three berries to the plant, and but two of these of large size, the others blight or are false blossoms. A few for family gardens would not be out of place, as the large size would be a curiosity for some persons. W.

Flowers are the whispers of angels.

HORIZONTAL TRAINING.

The more we give the subject our attention, the more we become convinced, that horizontal training of shrubs, vines, &c., is beneficial.—And the principle—the immunity from gravitation—notwithstanding it is gainsayed by a correspondent—seems the true explanation. The sap, it is true, extends to the uppermost limbs; and there is the best fruit—not always. But not despite gravitation, or just the reverse of what was stated in a former article. The sap follows the capillary attraction until it gets to the end of the twigs; it then can go no further. Here it rests or dams up, so to speak, for a while. And it is this accumulation of sap beyond any doubt, that gives the excess of growth—and not the non-influence of gravity—not in despite of it.

In horizontal, or downward limbs—as in the Æsopus Spitzenberg—have this process of damming up, performed upon them, aided by the increased attraction—or does the correspondent suppose gravity has no effect on the sap? If not, there must be an increased flow in the downward limbs. The opinion is common against tall fruit trees in consequence of the counteracting effect of gravity. This is certain, that the sap is the immediate cause of the growth of fruit. The size of the fruit must, therefore depend upon the quantity of the sap. The quantity of the sap, again, is depending upon the wealth of the soil. A thrifty tree produces the largest fruit. Let us then aid the sap in its resistance to gravitation, by training downward. Bend your limbs, direct your vines, shrubs, &c. In Europe, the thing has long been a success—the same is the case here. F.G.

PHENOMENA OF PLANTS.

Plants exhibit some phenomena supposed to arise from the state of the air, which accurate observers regard as prognosticating changes of weather.

When the flower of the chickweed expands boldly and fully, no rain will fall for at least four hours after. When the chickweed half conceals its miniature flowers, the day is generally showery. If the chickweed entirely shuts up its white flower, let the traveler put on his great-coat, and the plowman give up his day's work.

If the flowers of the Siberian sow-thistle keep open all night, there will certainly be rain the next day.

The different species of clover always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm.

If the African marigold does not open its

flowers about seven o'clock in the morning, you may be sure it will rain that day, unless it thunders.

The unusual fruitfulness of white thorns and dog-rose bushes is a fore-runner of a severe winter.

There are several plants, especially those with compound yellow flowers, which, during the whole day, turn their flowers to the sun, looking towards the east in the morning, the south at noon, and the west at night; a fact particularly observable in the sow-thistle.

The flowers of the chick winter-green droop in the night, to keep the dew or rain from injuing the tender pollen.

One species of wood-sorrel shuts up or doubles its leaves before storms and tempests; a rule which the sensitive plants and cassia also observe.

The flowers of both species of tragopogan open in the morning at the approach of the sun, and without regard to the state of the weather, regularly shut up about noon, from which fact the plant has obtained the name of Go to bed at noon.

The four o'clock (mirabils) is well known from its remarkable property of opening its flowers at 4 in the afternoon, and not closing them till the same hour in the morning.

The evening primrose is noted for its remarkable property of regularly shutting with an audible popping noise about sunrise, and opening at sunset.

The tamarind tree, the water lily, the marigold and the false sensitive plant, in serene weather expand their leaves in the day time and contract them in the night. The flower of the garden lettuce opens at 7 o'clock and shuts at 10.

A species of serpentine aloes, whose large and beautiful flower exhales a strong odor of the vanilla during the time of its expansion, is cultivated in the Imperial Garden in Paris, where it does not blossom till towards the month of July, and at about 5 o'clock in the evening, at which time it gradually opens its petals, expands them, droops and dies, and by 10 o'clock in the same evening it is totally withered.

The cereus, a native of Jamaica and Vera Cruz, exhibits an exquisitely beautiful flower, nearly a foot in diameter, the inside of the calyx a splendid yellow, the numerous petals of a pure white, and emits a highly fragrant odor during a few hours in the night, and then closes to expand no more.

The flower of the dandelion possesses very peculiar means of sheltering itself from the heat of the sun, as it closes entirely whenever the heat becomes excessive.

Linnæus enumerates forty flowers possessing this kind of sensitiveness, and divides them into three classes.

1. Meteoric flowers, which less accurately observe the hour of folding, but are expanded sooner or later, according to the cloudiness, moisture and pressure of the air.

2. Tropical flowers, that open in the morning and close before evening every day; but the hour of their expanding becomes earlier or later as the length of the day varies.

3. Equinoctial flowers, which open at a certain and exact hour of the day, and for the most part close at another determinate hour.—[*Ex.*

The Wilson Strawberry.—In some localities, the Wilson Strawberry will yield three or four good crops. But there must be plenty of elbow-room, the rows three feet apart, and the hills some twenty inches in the row; but, most of all, the runners must be scrupulously kept out. In this way, with even an ordinary soil, success is obtained in many localities. F.G.

Lime to Fruit Trees.

N. J. Colman, Esq.— *Dear Sir*: Will you please inform me whether or not a pint of slacked lime around the collar of young apple trees, say from 3 to 5 years out in the orchard, would be injurious or beneficial to their growth and health, and what effect, if any, on the borers. Jno. P. Clark, *Mexico, Mo.*

[Reply.—The application of the lime would be highly beneficial. It would not, however, prevent the ravages of the borer. Young apple trees must be carefully watched, and the borers must be dug out with the point of a knife or a piece of strong wire.—Ed.]

A New Remedy for the Borer.—In conversation with one of our subscribers, he stated that his apple trees were not troubled by that pest. He applied the earth and substance taken from where his sink spout emptied, to the trunk, or, rather, around the collars of his apple trees each autumn, and then dug it away or removed it next summer. He considered this an effectual remedy, as the borer did not trouble them; and further it was a good dressing for the soil around the tree, after being dug away. Of course the soil where the spout emptied would have to be renewed yearly, by a cart load of earth, sods, &c., to absorb and hold the refuse liquid. If not used in this manner, the slops from the sink should always be added to the compost heap, or applied to the garden crops.—[*Me. Farmer.*

OLD ORCHARDS REJUVENATED.

Old trees, when the boles are sound, will make the best of orchards. You can trim and form to suit your taste; and in a few years there will be a vigorous tree, of young, thrifty limbs, yellow as marrow and bearing you fruit, and showing you leaves and proportion, and a wealth that will surprise and happify you.

This is the condition of our orchard. Once, old, neglected, going the way of all unfortunate orchards, it is now a thrifty company of trees, with branches that sweep the ground almost—the case with the Æsopus Spitzenbergs—and yet very tall, overtopping barns and other buildings. There is a breadth to some of over forty feet. The sun is among these limbs and leaves, and finds out every apple, which it colors and matures. It is the beauty, the health-richness, the great size and power, that make these trees entirely unsurpassed—so says everybody that sees them. They are not trees—they are ponderous outgrowths of the earth, showing what good tillage and pruning will do. It is remarkable how far a tree may be decayed, and yet made a good tree—large, powerful, bearing thick leaves and blossoms that will make your very eyes dance—and then the fruit it presents you in the autumn!

You must, however, have good soil; made soil is not so good. An under-richness is required, which will push the vigor into the tree. We always prefer such a tree, when the bole is sound, to a young tree, even if it is to be grafted. The old stock will keep it many, many years, in prime trim, giving you more largely of fruit than any young tree. F.G.

How to Get Good Celery.

Sow the seed in a hot-bed in March, or as early as the weather will permit. Some prefer a cold bed, starting it in some warm place as soon as the soil is sufficiently dry to work it.—As soon as the season will permit, and the plants have attained a proper size, transplant them into a rich, warm spot. Set them four inches apart, give them a liberal watering, and shelter them from the sun until they have taken root. Here let them grow until about the first of July, when they must be planted where they are to grow through the season.

In preparing for this, some dig trenches to set the plants in, and others do not. We have cultivated in both ways with about equal success. If a trench is decided upon, dig it eight or ten inches deep, spade the bottom and make it fine, add a coat of composted manure, then rich mould, and set the plants. The plants must be taken up with care, and with all the earth adhering to them that is possible. Set them six or eight inches apart, after trimming off all the straggling leaves; then give them a good watering, and let them be shaded with boards, until they strike root and begin to grow. The trenches should be four feet apart. If the weather is dry, water freely morning and evening.

After the plants have attained considerable size, and when they are dry, the earth must be drawn around them a little at a time, as they progress, taking care always that the leaves be held together, so as to prevent the soil from getting in among them. By earthing up gradually, the stems are bleached and become tender and crisp.

It should stand out doors until there is danger of frost, which ought not to touch it.—There are various modes of keeping it. Ours is to take it up with as much of the soil as we can save about the roots, and set it out in a cool cellar, in plenty of the earth in which it grew. If the plants are set a little apart, and the temperature of the cellar is cool and even, they will keep fresh and ready for use until April or May.

If the plants are set on the surface of the ground, as cabbage plants are usually set, the same process of earthing up must be observed.

No weeds should be allowed to grow among the plants, and the ground should be frequently stirred with the hoe or some other implement.

Celery is easily cultivated. There is no mystery about it whatever. Any farmer's son or daughter may do it that will try. If one prefers, he can purchase the plants ready for transplanting.

Fifty to a hundred of them might be enough for a family.

It is a convenient and healthful salad, and should be more common on the tables of our farmers.—[*Ex.*

CHEAP GRAPE TRELLIS.—I have a grape trellis that I like better than any I have seen a description of. It is substantial, does not get out of place, and is rustic in its appearance. It is made of five or six inch cedar posts, eight feet long, set six feet apart, with spruce poles fifteen or sixteen feet long, nailed on to the posts a foot apart, running the whole length. The posts cost eight and ten cents each, and the poles $3 a hundred here. I have used this kind of trellis for a few years past, and like it better than wire. Laths can be nailed across the poles perpendicularly to tie the growing shoots, if any one should wish, although I do not use them.—[*Cor. Horticulturist.*

[Reported for the Valley Farmer.]

Meramec Horticultural Society.

ALLENTON, June 2, 1864.

The 66th monthly meeting was held in the house of Mrs. Dr. McPherson. President Beale in the chair.

The minutes of the former meeting were read and adopted.

Four new members were admitted.

The Secretary presented Bi-Monthly Reports from the Agricultural Department.

Corresponding Secretary presented a package of seeds from the same.

The Secretary read an extract from the May No. of the Valley Farmer, p. 149, where the Alton Horticultural Society quote from a note from Geo. Husmann, upon Reserve Buds on the Grape Vine, concluding with—"A cane was brought in, and no such buds could be detected, and many members seemed inclined to dispute Mr. Husmann's opinion." Also an extract from Landmarks, p. 46—"Healthy, vigorous vines, when cut back to a few buds, often send forth shoots that spring from a class of invisible buds that are concealed by the sides of those from which the principal shoots spring. Sometimes there are two of these, one on each side of the principal shoot, and so strong as to be able to bear fruit. Those are called Secondary and also Stipulary Shoots. * * The buds which produce these, have generally so little disposition to push forth, that, unless some incentive compels them, they remain forever invisible, and if our present subject had been pruned at three feet instead of three buds, probably nothing would have been seen of the Stipulary or Secondary Shoots."

He presented samples of the cane of the vine in which all of the principal and Reserve, Stipulary, or Secondary shoots had pushed in consequence of being buried in the ground; also, canes, with the base of the undeveloped Secondary shoots visible to the naked eye and perfectly manifest by the aid of a pocket lens. These were from vines regularly stopped during the growing season. Canes were also shown on which neither principal nor secondary buds could push in consequence of their very rampant growth in the early part of the season—the entire vital force had expended itself at the extremities, leaving the base of the cane long jointed, the principal buds weak and hardly visible, while the Reserve buds were entirely undeveloped, showing that it was not the want of nature's beautiful provision against accident, but the result of gross neglect in not directing the vital energy to the base of the cane, the place where it would be available for our purposes in training in the case of accident, instead of having it uselessly expended at the extremities, where it is cut off and thrown away. This fact was important in another point of view, as it was the key to the uniform success of some in propagating by cuttings, &c., and the want of success of others, resulting from the treatment of the wood, and the perfection or imperfection of the eyes.

Mr. T. R Allen, thought that the existence of these Reserve, Dormant or Secondary buds, had been clearly demonstrated by the samples on the table, and set that important point at rest in the minds of all present.

An Essay on Meteorology was then read by Mr. A. Fendler. [This will appear in the next and future numbers of the Valley Farmer.]

The Fruit Committee reported on the table—Wilson's Albany and MacAvoy's Superior strawberries by L. D. Votaw; Triomphe de Gand and Bartlett by T. R. Allen; Bartlett strawberries and White Heart cherries by Dr. Beale; May Duke cherries by Mrs. P. Tippett; Houghton's Seedling gooseberries and Red Dutch currants (green) by T. R. Allen.

The Flower Committee reported the following list of Boquets in the order of their merit—Mr. Cornwell, Mrs. Beale, Miss McPherson, Mrs. P. Tippett, Miss Mary Harris, Mr. Allen. W. MUIR, Ch.

The Vegetable Committee reported specimens of Early White Sprout potato by Dr. Beale. Specimens of the old crop in a fine state of preservation, Peach Blow, White Sprout, English Fluke, White and Blue Neshannocks, by L. D. Votaw.

T. R. ALLEN, Ch.

The Executive Committee reports for discussion at July meeting—"The experience and observations of all the members in regard to the effects of the late cold winter on vegetation in our district."

They also report, that it is the unanimous opinion of your Fair Committee, that we have a Fruit Festival and Exhibition in September, at Allenton, opening at 10 A.M.

That the meeting be conducted on the same principals as the last in its general details.

That persons shall be procured to have fruit of the several kinds of the season for sale on the grounds.

That Wm. Muir, James Cornwell and T. R. Allen be a Committee to provide for and arrange the sale of fruit at the Festival. T. R. ALLEN, Ch.

The Fruits on the table we then discussed.

Strawberries—L. D. Votaw is new in the business of raising for market; has a small piece in bearing, but is planting out extensively; began to ship on Friday, and sold $53 worth; got at first $1.80 ⅌ gallon, and have engaged the balance at 65 cts., and pay half freight. Cases of 60 quart boxes cost $10 each. Berries have to be picked before ripe, and the finest set point up in the boxes—sell much better for being put up in neat style.

T. R. Allen—My main variety Wilson's Albany; I have not planted for market; got two varieties from New York—Triomphe de Gand and Bartlett; think the latter fine flavored; don't know about either for market.

President thinks highly of Bartlett.

Secretary tried Triomphe de Gand some seasons since, but they got burned in summer; planted them again along with Bartlett, Mr. Tice's Hautbois and some others; during the winter, Triomphe de Gand suffered the most and Tice's the least under the same circumstances and treatment; thinks Bartlett the most tender fleshed variety, delicious, too tender for market, perhaps not sufficiently productive. Tice's later than the others, very hardy, strong grower, very long fruit, of the highest flavor when fully ripe, and while yet quite under-ripe has a peculiarly rich lemon flavor.

Gooseberries—T. R. Allen has from 7 to 800 Houghton's Seedling, and wish they were currants; mildew some; got $3 a bushel for the first sent to market.

L. D. Votaw sold some at $4 a bushel—at $2 they will not pay, it cost $1 a bushel to pick them.

President planted 50 when his neighbors planted by the 1000—he found that number supplied his family, and he wanted no more.

The President announced the next meeting to be held at the house of Mr. Rufus A. Lewis, opposite Glencoe, on the first Thursday of July, at 10 A.M.

WM. MUIR, Sec.

Alton Horticultural Society.

FRIDAY, June 3d, 1864.

At 7 o'clock the Alton members went on board the 8-horse power steamer Slowboy, moved up and along the Illinois shore of the Mississippi; touching at Dr. Hull's and Mr. Riehl's, where new accessions to the party were made; arrived at Eminence before (the passengers) dinner; and after partaking of an excellent cold collation accompanied by superior samples of strawberries and cream, the passengers were ready to join the overland members and organize for business at 3 P.M. President Hull in the chair.

Secretary reported that he had purchased for the use of the Society a microscope of Parisian manufacture, magnifying about 100 diameters, at a cost of $6. Also a letter from Dr. Benj. D. Walsh, of Rock Island, stating that he could furnish a collection embracing about 100 families of insects, arranged in a case, for

$15. Mr. Huggins stated that he had found such a collection very useful and instructive, and offered to furnish his own, also made by Mr. Walsh, for the use of the Society. The offer was accepted with thanks.

An essay on Parlor and Window Gardening, read by Mr. J. W. Schweppe, was highly commended.

The Committee on Entomology reported the receipt of a variety of insects from various members, among which are—a very fine specimen of the Cecropia, from Master Frank Starr, injurious to vegetation but not found here in sufficient quantity to be very dangerous—the Lady Bug, which as a destroyer of hurtful insects, should be preserved—and the Curculio, May Bug and Army Worm Moth, which are all destructive to vegetation.

Dr. Hull exhibited a specimen of Curculio caught in the act of depositing her eggs in the fruit of the strawberry, for want of a more congenial fruit.

J. E. Starr recommended that this being the month most abounding in insects, each member should carry a vial in his pocket, and bottle up all new interesting specimens. Had found difficulty in killing them, a Cecropian moth was not affected by chloroform and beat himself to pieces.

Dr. Buffington recommended prussic acid as infallible.

The Committee on Fruits and Synonyms are of the opinion that of the strawberries exhibited, the two best varieties are McAvoy's Superior and Longworth's Prolific, presented by Dr. Hull; Hooker's Seedling presented by J. M. Day—they rank next, being large and fine. The Scarlet Magnate by James Newman, is excellent. Wilson's Albany by Dr. Hull, is too well known to require any notice. The Jenny Lind by Mr. Riehl, is acid and said to be late. The Iowa and Warner Seedling exhibited by Dr. Hull, and the Baltimore Scarlet by Mr. Riehl, were the other varieties exhibited.

The Whitesmith Gooseberry by Mr. McNair, is large and free from mildew; very good.

The Newtown Pippin, by A. F. Starr, and the Gilpin by Mr. Flagg, are sound and in a good state of preservation.

The Governor Wood Cherry is presented by A. F. Starr; not quite ripe.

Respectfully submitted,
GEO. C. EISENMAYER, Ch.

A special committee on wine consisting of Messrs. Eisenmayer, Johnson, Schweppe, J. E. Starr and Judge Niles, reported on two bottles of Catawba of 1863, exhibited by Dr. E. S. Hull. "The Committee find this wine to be of good body. It would have been a number one Catawba had it been preserved in a cool cellar. They regard the grape from which it came as of a first-rate quality."

The Committee on Trees, Plants and Flowers, reported a display of highly creditable boquets as follows:

Boquet No. 1, by Mrs. David E. Brown, contains the greatest variety, and is very elaborately and skilfully constructed. The flowers were contributed from the gardens of Hon. Robert Smith, Dr. Marsh, Samuel Wade, Esq., Isaac Scarritt, Esq., Mr. E. P. Wade. Arranged by E. P. Wade.

No. 2, by Mrs. H. N. Roberts of Alton, is little inferior in variety to No. 1, while in construction we regard it as equal to the best.

A boquet from Dr. Hull's grounds, contained a magnificent Calycanthus, and an Oleander, which was quite rare, and many other choice flowers, which entitle the offering to special mention.

Mrs. Dimmock presents a beautiful collection of roses and pinks in variety.

Mrs. Newman's boquet contains the greatest variety of roses.

Mrs. Frank Starr brought us a large collection of Peonies in variety.

In originality and exquisite taste in combination and arrangement, a basket of wild flowers by Mrs. Hillis crowns the exhibition. No one but she who collected and combined the material and made the arrangement, should attempt a minute description of this basket.

A collection of wild flowers by Mrs. A. H. Draper of Alton, bespeaks industry and good taste, for which she will please accept the thanks of the Committee.

The Committee on Vegetables reported a very fine lot of Asparagus from Mr. Tucker—the best of the season.

J. E. Starr introduced specimen of roots of the Delaware, grown last season, four feet and more in length.

Mr. Eisenmayer, of Mascoutah, said he had so far modified his practice in pruning the grape vine, as to do almost no summer pruning. In spring leaves the Catawba with two canes, and about six eyes to a cane for fruiting. The Concord and Norton, as also Cassady and Taylor's Bullitt will endure twice that amount. But instead of rubbing off laterals in summer pruning as recommended by the books, he permits them to grow at will. The best fruit of the Concord and Norton's Virginia grows on the laterals. Tops the vines with a sickle in August to ripen the wood perfectly.

In planting, puts vines in bottom of deep holes and fills up gradually by cultivation. Thus the ground is warmer about the newly-set roots, and the cut worm, who works at the surface, is foiled. Lays down this year's growth for layers about the first of July. Regards such layers as good almost as from old wood. Plows ground twenty-four inches deep by a sub-soil plow, following a common plow and bringing the subsoil to the surface.

J. E. Starr believes that letting the laterals grow, may produce a stockier and stronger plant.

Dr. Hull would permit laterals to grow for fruit.—This year his Catawbas are producing fruit on the laterals, when the true fruit buds are killed. Rubs off the two leaves next the main stalk, as he believes they are competitors with the fruit. Rubs out growth at fruit joints for the same reason. Would plant vines and all fruits deep to avoid the effects of drouth and the too sudden effect of moisture after drouth upon the fruit. The growth of tree and fruit when planted shallow, is checked and incited with injurious rapidity.

Mr. Huggins presented sections of peach trees that had passed through the winter of 1855 and '56, and of trees grown since that time. The first showed a distinct ring of rotten wood about that season from which the younger trees were free. Also, sections showing a new growth of the present year, already made over the discolored wood killed by the freeze of January 1.

After the transaction of business, a very brief examination could be made of the grounds at Mount Eminence. Mr. Starr came here but two years since, yet he has already set some 2000 apple trees, principally Newton Pippin, Janet and Winesap, with some Rome Beauty and Ben Davis; 2,300 peach trees, about 500 pear, 500 cherry, and 4,000 grape vines, embracing thirty varieties, but mainly Concord and Catawba. The growth of the Delaware here in trenched ground has already been in some instances over six feet the present season and betokens great congeniality in soil and climate.

The estate of Mount Eminence comprises some 400 acres, 100 of which are in cultivation—a part for the period of 30 years. Some peach trees are yet living of an orchard set in 1832. The point is said to be highest in the range of Illinois Bluffs between Alton and Grafton, and commands a wide extent of beautiful landscape. Far inland are seen the towers of Monticello Seminary, and, over the river, the houses and church of the ancient village of Portage de Sioux, backed by fertile fields of grass and grain, with the distant waters of the Missouri beyond.

Geologically, the cliffs are an older formation than those below the mouth of the Piasa, and present quite a different aspect being turreted by the action of water into varied and beautiful forms.

MATRIMONIAL ERRORS.

Congenial spirits, kindred hearts, mated souls, true love, and the like—I know they are trite expressions of a past age, suggestive of the delusions of our childhood, and intimating excessive credulity in possibilities and chimeras.—Still, I must confess to a belief in such existences, and a pious conviction that Heaven intended such spirits, and hearts, and souls for wedlock.

And inasmuch as I have started on a confession of faith, I may as well state that I believe in marriage. This is not a singular fact, as most persons of my age and experience do. Extremely ancient spinsters, hen-pecked husbands, and broken-down wives, compose the sect of unbelievers. But I am aware, that, in my views of the proper candidates, I may and do differ from many persons of undoubted wisdom and judgment. The theory of our modern scribes and elders seems to be: Marry somebody—anybody with money and good looks.

During a short lifetime, I have observed that, even in our own family, there are those to whom we are specially attracted by harmony of tastes and feelings. I have observed, moreover that this attraction has little to do with personal appearance or extraneous circumstances. We choose Brother Bob's society because he is good and companionable—and yet brother Will's face may be handsomer and his whiskers more worthy of admiration. We are governed the same way at school in our choice of companions. We often prefer some poor girl, because she is lovable and kind, and hold in contempt the arrogant heiress. But, if we are at all apt in learning the world's lessons, we get over such nonsense by the time we enter society and think of choosing a life-companion.

Cousin Tom is in quest of a wife; and at the mention of an eligible damsel, he generally propounds the queries? "Is she pretty? Does her nose turn up? Are her hands large? Are her feet clumsy?" And never a word about kindness, goodness, congeniality, or respect! Yet, at home, his beautiful sister's features are a matter of indifference to him, and he always turns for companionship and sympathy to the homely little creature with gray eyes, pug nose and large hands.

Young ladies are quite as much at fault. In our husband hunting, we talk more of length, breadth, the style of moustache and shade of the eyes, than we do of disposition, principles, habits, inclinations—and yet, when the lover becomes a husband, these things are to influence our happiness, more than beauty of form or feature. When the wife needs sympathy, and receives coldness, it is possible for her to forget that Adolphus had the smallest hand among her gentlemen acquaintances; and it is not impossible for her to forgive the large feet that annoyed her in her lover days, if years of kindness prove that the owner thereof has a heart proportionally large.

Fathers and mothers, as well as society in general, are to blame for these matrimonial errors. If youths sacrifice themselves before Venus and Apollo, the elders often demand an immolation no less criminal before Mammon. Willing or unwilling, sinning or sinned against, these errors are the worst of a lifetime. There may be error in the lonely life of a bachelor or a spinster; but it bears no ratio to the wretchedness of connubial infelicity, the ceaseless bickering, or galling chain that binds two discordant souls in a nominal tie, though they are ever driven farther and farther asunder. The miseries of single life may be deplorable, but they are no less fearful than the horrors of that home where no love is.

I am thinking these serious thoughts, because I have stood to day by "the narrow house appointed for all living," and seen the conclusion of one of these matrimonial errors.

I never knew a nature more finely strung than Mary Rubens'. She was a glad, joyful girl, with a soul attuned to life's harmonies, and shrinking, like all delicate organizations, from contact with whatever was jarring or discordant. Old Mr. and Mrs. Rubens were proud of their child, though they never comprehended her poetic fancy, her vivid imagination, her wild enthusiasm or exuberance of joy—elements which enter largely into sensitive natures, particularly sensitive to suffering. For the future happiness of most people, it is desirable that they should be fortunate in their early love.—With Mary Rubens it was a necessity. The new made grave out in the winter storm is a sad confirmation of this statement.

Memory brings to me, this night, not the marble form and sheeted dead, as I saw them today—but Mary Rubens, brilliant and sparkling as I saw her on the night she first met Walter Hazen. He was a man with a rich, tropical nature, much poetical genius, and singularly simple and confiding in his manners. He was in his sex what Mary Rubens was in hers. I listened that first night, well content to watch the development of mutual harmonies and tastes. They differed, it is true, as men and women must—he was stronger and she more trusting; but the difference was such as occurs in harmonies. It was impossible that they should be less than friends even after the occurrence of events which would have severed most friendships. It was not remarkable that, with this perfect comprehension of each other's character, and a mutual appreciation of each other's abilities, these whilom friends should be transformed into ardent lovers. Then Mary Ruben's friends took alarm. Walter Hazen was poor,

delicately constituted, and visionary according to their notions; while Samuel Lester, the neighboring farmer, was wealthy, practical, and just the man to cure Mary of her flighty vagaries.

So it came about that Mary Rubens and Samuel Lester were affianced. It was not a work of days or weeks. Weary months of painful endurance and self sacrifice were necessary for the surrender of an earnest love, and the acceptance of Samuel Lester. She was never Mary Rubens after that. We called her so; but a quiet, patient woman responded, and not the glad, joyous girl.

She was married and congratulated, and her parents were ready to depart in peace, now that Mary was comfortably settled. Comfortably settled! Is it comfortable settlement when the bodily wants are all supplied, and the spiritual needs are forever unsatisfied? Is it comfortable settlement when the body eats and drinks, and the spirit hungers and thirsts until there is rest for neither body nor soul? Congratulation, too! The words died on my lips, for I knew the man who signed his death warrant had as much need of the joyous professions.

Then this "comfortable settlement" to daily cares and duties, unlighted by appreciative love, began. Samuel Lester was never unkind. He was as good a husband as he could be to Mary Rubens; as good as some women would have desired; but God nor heaven ever intended such a man for Mary Ruben's husband.—Marriage was never meant to be such a weary service as Mary found it. She tried to put Walter Hazen out of her heart and life—tried to crush out some of the best and holiest aspirations of her nature, and be what she had vowed—a loving wife. She was quoted as a model wife all the time that she was slowly dying—dying from this inner struggle—this self-abnegation—this striving with a sin which was the greatest of the graces until worldly ambition placed her in a false position. Her decline was thought a great mystery, and to none so much a marvel as to her parents. They called it a visitation of Providence, and sought to avert her fate by the skill of physicians. Other means failing, a change of air was prescribed, and we went to the White Mountains. Here she met Walter Hazen with his new bride, a common-place woman, with no more appreciation of her husband than Samuel Lester had of his wife. Her eye had kindled when she met him, and they talked as in the olden time with a deep understanding of each other's needs. We thought her improving—but she came to her room one day after conversation with him, and lay back wearily, saying:

"I must go home. I shall die here. Life is like the cup of Tantalus, with the possibilities of happiness ever within sight, and yet forever beyond my reach."

So we returned, and when the winter storm wrapped the earth in its snowy shroud, we gathered around Mary Lester's dying couch.—Walter Hazen was there, and when we caught the whispered, "Pray for me," Samuel Lester turned to me, saying:

"There is no clergyman; ask Walter."

Such a prayer! We hushed our very hearts to hear those lofty strains of supplication, with such a full comprehension of the spiritual needs. It told of suffering, living and dying—of struggle, combat, victory, and eternal peace at God's right hand. A prayer, that Samuel Lester says was inspired, so replete was it with exalted imagery and holy aspiration.

Thus Mary Lester died, a sacrifice to matrimonial error.

Walter Hazen, for his error, will "suffer and be strong." A quiet, soulless woman will minister to him in the relation of wife; but she who could have been to him all that sweet name signifies, sleeps the sleep that knows no earthly waking.

A man may lose some of life's bitterness in the necessities of his daily life, and the claims of business—but for woman, there is no such escape. She had better live, die and be buried an old maid, submitting even to that terrible maiden name on the head-stone, than commit a matrimonial error, and drag through a miserable existence, embittering the life of him who should be the dearest object of her earthly love, and desecrating the sanctuary for all sweet and holy affections, a blessed, happy home.

[Written for the Valley Farmer.]

JUNE.

Beautiful month, when the flowers arise,
In their clothing rare,
Lifting fair faces up to the skies,
In silent prayer.

Beautiful month for the bride to go,
With her trusting heart,
To walk with another through weal and woe,
Till the grave shall part.

Beautiful month for the little child,
The birds and bees,
With its warm blue skies, its breezes mild,
And its leafy trees.

Beautiful month for the aged, too,
Whose years are spent,
Down to a summerless, weary few,
Ere the veil is rent.

Beautiful month for the Christian to die,
While the sun shines bright;
Resting in hope his flesh shall lie,
Through the dreamless night.

Yes, beautiful month for the child to go,
To his home on high,
While on his grave shall the verdure grow,
And the sunshine lie.

Beautiful month for every one,
Without and within;
For all, and everything under the sun,
But the darkness of sin.

And it comes but once in all the year,
And it passes soon—
Passes like all things fair and dear—
This beautiful June.

COUNTRY GIRL.

THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.

Flowers are the poetry of earth, as the stars are the poetry of heaven. If there is anything in its terrestrial substance that resembles the etherial—that seems pure poetry—it is these little children of the wood and field—the frailest things, it seems, on earth, with their velvety leaves, all so softly colored. Tenderness—delicacy—are the words we apply to them. They seem come expressly for ornament—the most beautiful things growing out of the homeliest—the earth. Out of the earth come these velvety things! The fragrance of the mould is in them, refined by their delicate machinery: both earth and flowers are loved, though so different. Man loves flowers — from necessity. Angels must love them. Deity we know does, who created them. Hence Emerson:

In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook:
The purple petals fallen in the pool,
Made the black waters with their beauty gay.
Here might the red bird come, his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, Oh rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask; I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance suppose,
The self-same power that brought me there, brought you.

Of course, so much poetry, physical poetry, cannot escape the poets—hence, they are all paying deference to the flowers, from Shakespeare to the occupant of the "Poet's Corner." All our flowers have been approached—and, it is notable, all with affection, with apostrophe. They seem more than anything that grows out of the earth—a living emanation. That the Creator designed them for our benefit, would be a natural inference—to benefit us by softening our nature, ameliorating our condition. And this is their office. We give extracts from various poets, selecting the best stanzas out of a poem:

SMALL CELANDINE.

Modest, yet withal an elf,
Bold and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met,
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know:
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast,
Like a careless prodigal,
Telling tales about the sun
When we've little warmth or none.

Poets—vain men in their mood—
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home—
Spring is coming, thou art come!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing;
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love.

WORDSWORTH.

VIOLETS.

Welcome, maids of honor;
You do bring
In the spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
But you are
More sweet than any.

Y' are the Maiden Posies,
And so graced,
To be placed,
'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
By-and-by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected! [ROBT. HERRICK.

To call violets "girls," is as pretty as can be. So Wordsworth, in the above extract, makes the commonest of field plants the "herald of a mighty band" (of flowers), the courier of all the flowers—a line which, in its place, is one of the most touching things in print—as simple as the flower itself—and as this poet is apt to express himself. It is here where his force lies.

BROOM-FLOWER.

Oh the broom, the yellow broom!
The ancient poet sung it;
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

Take all the rest, but give me this,
And the bird that nestles in it;
I love it, for it loves the broom—
The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers,
And boast the flower of Sharon;
Of lilies like to marble cups,
And the golden rod of Aaron:

I care not how these flowers may be
Beloved of man or woman—
The broom it is the flower for me,
That groweth on the common.

MARY HOWITT.

THE VIOLET.

Oh faint, delicious spring-time violet,
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
Blows through that open door—
The sound of wind-borne bells more sweet and low,
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,
And that beloved hour,
When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass;
The lark sings o'er my head,
Drowned in the sky. Oh pass, ye visions, pass!—
I would that I were dead!

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door
From which I ever flee?
Oh vanished joy! Oh love that art no more,
Let my vexed spirit be!

Oh violet! thy odor, through my brain
Hath scorched, and stung to grief
The sunny day, as if a curse did stain
Thy velvet leaf. [WM. W. STORY.

CHORUS OF FLOWERS.

We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith):
Utterance mute and bright
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath:
All who see us, love us;
We befit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles, and unto graces, races.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless, [clear:
Though the March-winds pipe to make our passage
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green when our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers—
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh, a-top sweet flowers.

The dear lumpish baby,
Humming with the May-bee, [grass;
Hails us with his bright star, stumbling through the
The honey-dropping moon,
On a night of June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the bride-
Age, the withered clinger, [groom pass.
On us mutely gazes,
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his child-hood's daisies.
[LEIGH HUNT.

FLOWERS.

Laud the first spring daisies;
Chaunt aloud their praises;
Send the children up
To the high hill's top;
Tax not the strength of their young hands
To increase your lands.
Gather the primroses,
Make handfuls into posies;
Take them to the little girls who are working in the mills:
Pluck the violets blue—
Pluck not a few.
Knowest thou what thoughts from Heaven the violet instils.
[EDWARD YOUL.

THE DAISY.

I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a perfect star;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee;
Yet like a star with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air, thou seem'st to rest—
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee!

Bright flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast—
Sweet, silent creature,
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness and a share
Of thy meek nature! [WORDSWORTH.

The idea that the poet breathes the same air with the flower, is as fine a thought as is usual with this poet. Wordsworth has added a large stock to the department of nature in literature; and no one has done it so successfully as he. It is as common as our own nature. Hence, certain critics—fastidious critics—found fault. But they find it no more.

Already have we exceeded our limits; but have hardly begun to give extracts, so prolific is the muse on this head. Allow us to close with a few lines of our own:

THE LIVERLEAF.

There is no flower so early,
None so pearly,
None so brief,
As the gay liverleaf—
Gay ever,
Pining never—
It has no time for grief.

Adventurous, it still
Is timid, gathering throughout the woods
In little neighborhoods,
As if for better shield against the blast,
That tries so hard its slender mast.

So soon it comes,
So soon it goes,
'Tis hard to say
Whether for winter or for May
It blows,
Or which is whitest, the snow-drift or the blooms.

And when decay commences—
When at last its flower is missed,
And the soft winds are whist,
There still will be
In memory
The early flower, with all its little confidences.

We are not apt to think that one of the great causes of the sadness of autumn is, its silence—the absence of the birds. It is like the wilderness whose characteristic is also silence—the absence of man: a much deeper silence reaching away back to the creation. Night also has its silence. But the greatest silence is that of the grave.

That the beauty of nature endureth forever, is a thought as sweet as the beauty itself. Thus often one beauty begets another, till there is a string of linked sweets.

Quiet happiness is the sweetest, as quiet waters are the deepest.

DYSPEPSIA.

This is not a disease—not put down as such. It is rather a complaint, and it affects more or less all people. There is not an individual that has arrived at the age of maturity, who has not had it—in one form or other—either transient or confirmed. It is the chronic or confirmed kind that is dyspepsia proper.

The doctors say it is difficult to cure—and they are right, as all chronic complaints are.—Yet it is eminently curable. The reason why it is difficult to cure is, that the patient has not the *moral* power to live up to the requirements. His will is affected by the disease. (We call it a disease, as it is a disorder to be treated.) He has not the power to say no to what is best for him—what is prescribed for him—for dyspepsia diseases the whole man, mentally, morally, as well as physically. It is not always so with other diseases. In consumption, the mind (like the eye) is particularly clear. Not so with the dyspeptic. His mind is not only very weak at times, so that he can hardly remember anything, and with difficulty runs his mind over a variety of objects, seeming to have a tendency to stand still—but it is distracted—in other words, there is a species of insanity, under the various forms of hypochondria, melancholia, &c. He is also in misery. Great gloom rests upon him. In a word, he is the most miserable of men; and he looks it with his haggard countenance, and flabby skeleton frame. Now, of all men, such a man is least fit to be his own doctor. His appetite is often craving, and it is sure to run away with his enfeebled will. He is therefore forever transgressing and aggravating his disease, and is only prevented from succumbing, dying, from sheer necessity—for he is easily frightened. He imagines he has consumption from the cough which accompanies his complaint—or heart disease, from the severe palpitation he at times experiences. There is scarcely a disease of which he knows anything, that he does not, through the course of his pilgrimage, imagine he possesses.

What can be done for such a person—for you, perhaps, reader? We answer: more than yourself are apt to do, for, as we before said, the moral power is lacking. A person cannot obey, himself, the prescription. What then? Simply that another must do it—must take this invalid in hand, and treat him rigidly according to the prescription. The prescription is easy, simple. It is, first, remove the cause; second, give only such food as agrees, and in rather small and uniform quantities; third, exercise daily in the forenoon and after. Let the exercise be short of great fatigue. Put five to six hours between the meals.

It will be said by the proficient, that many more things are necessary. True. All employed, are doubtless better than those only that we have noted. But too many are not good, as they are pretty sure not to be observed, and the trouble will hardly pay. Sometimes it is necessary. There are some things that digest in one to three hours. If these agree, they are the thing—thus rice, baked apples, soused tripe, soused pig's feet—each of which will digest in about an hour. But let the patient eat what he knows agrees with him, for different food agrees differently with different persons.—To cure dyspepsia, is to make the happiest person out of the most miserable.

THE USES OF LABOR.

There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in man that actually and earnestly works: in idleness alone, there is perpetual despair.—Work never so mammonish mean is in communication with nature; the real desire to get work done, will itself lead one more and more to truth; to nature's appointment and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, to "Know thy work and to do it." "Know thyself;" long enough has that poor self of thine tormented thee: thou wilt never get to know it, I believe! Think it not my business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual.—Know what thou canst work at, and work at it like an Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "An endless significance lies in Work;" a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away; fair seeds rise in stead, and stately cities; and, withal, the man himself first ceases to be a jungle, and a foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how in the meanest sort of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself—all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguring the poor soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man — but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor is in him—is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright, blessed flame.—[*Carlyle.*

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

A flower in the place of the old flower in the woods, and just like it.

The hither and thither of a swallow in the barn on its arrival, before it rested its weary wing from its long flight, scrutinizing the surrounding old inside.

A man love his enemy.

Water turned up hill. (A man by the name of Water.)

A dwarf in a giant.

Hope, Phœnix-like, rise from its ashes.

Many a criminal that is more to be pitied than punished.

That love is oftener killed by indulgence than neglect.

That death often substitutes a smile for a frown.

That love is the *dearest* of all our enjoyments —and that in three senses.

More happiness with labor than without it—more misery also.

That two great levers carry on the world's business—necessity and ardor.

A genuine poem in the "poet's corner," and that original.

That anger, like love, is blind.

That our happiness, like our friends, often comes unexpected.

That sleep is followed by a restoration of strength, as well as a restaurant: but often preceded by meer-scha(u)m and cham-pai(g)ne.

ACID vs. COFFEE.

Now is the time, in this hot weather, which weakens the nerves, to dispense with coffee and apply to the acids. Coffee is too powerful, even for a strong constitution, in the dog-days —i. e., we are apt to use too much. It makes nervous, it produces costiveness—or, in other words, aggravates it, for heat produces that.—Too much sweet, this time of the year, is not good. But coffee, as a drink, should be suspended, if possible, during the summer. Sometimes, it is not possible; so at least thinks the patient—for such people we consider all more or less indisposed—people who can't do without coffee, or that and that thing. Put the acids in its place. Remember acids are cooling instead of heating as coffee is. And the general principle of all the acids is the same. Some are more grateful than others. The berries, in their season, are all good. They form a pleasant acidulated diet: and they may be indulged in the season through. First, strawberries, then raspberries, and last, blackberries, the most healthful of all. Then come the apples, and that great, universal delicacy, the grape—not yet universal; but soon to be. The currant has long been everywhere: and there are the plums, which the curculio now and then leaves for us—and the cherries, and many, many, other things. No one is at a loss—not the poorest. Let these fruits be indulged in when they are *ripe*. Always remember that—*when they are ripe*. Else they are poison—slow poison. When fall comes, resume your coffee; but now dispense with it, and in its place put the multitude of fruit.

SCRAPS.

The best exercise is that, in general, which we most like to do.

The best food is that which agrees best with us.

Remember, always, that friendship has a cold shoulder.

A world of repentance is caused by hasty words. Is not this so with every one? Great is the evil, and yet but trifling the efforts to overcome.

To treat your enemy well—sincerely—will overcome him. It is the best weapon in the world—but how rarely used! If by accident it is used, the person is apt to be surprised—surprised at the truth of the Scripture injunction.

When we are highly elated, we may surely expect as much depression. The elation is dizzy, rather than gratifying. Moderate joys are not only purer, but more lasting. They have also less after-depression. Here is seen one of the greatest uses of the much-abused word—temperance.

Children's Ideas of the Stars.

"Nelly, why do the stars twinkle?"

"It is because there is joy up there."

"No—but I guess they want us to come up there. See! they beckon to us."

"But we can't, Mattie—only when we die."

"And then—what then?"

"Then we shall go in."

"Go in where?"

"Why into heaven. Them are the doors to let us in. Don't you see the light shining through?"

"Oh, that's the reason why I like the stars so. I shall look at them every night."

"Why so?"

"Perhaps I shall see Lily."

Be kind at home—for soon will its ties be laid in the silence of death.

EATING.

Not all the food that we eat is digested; far from it. When more is taken than can be digested, it must pass from the bowels in its undigested state. Such food, acting as a foreign substance, can do no good in this way. The man who lived on half the food he was accustomed to, was surprised that he lost nothing in weight. Hence it becomes a wonder how some people live on the little food they eat. Everybody must know such cases. This shows that we eat too much food. Man is naturally disposed to be gluttonous. He must be restrained in his appetite as in many things else. The brute also is a glutton. But he has better digestion, and hence bestows the excess upon his body—but not all—far from it. Examine the excrements of almost any beast—your cattle, your horse, the hog, and you will find a large proportion of undigested food. The hog is a hog, and is always hogging when he has a chance, eating more than he can dispose of. Hence his excrement is always rich. That of straw-fed cattle is not near so rich as that from grain, oil-cake, &c. These facts are rich in suggestions. G.

Things that I Have Seen.—I have seen careless housekeepers leave the milk standing in the milk pails until the cream would begin to rise, thus causing a waste of cream.

I have seen them set the newly-strained milk here and there, wherever it happened, instead of keeping each milking by itself, thereby making themselves the trouble of looking it all over when the time for skimming it came.

I have seen the ground around the kitchen door strewn with peelings which had been thrown out with the water in which the potatoes were washed.

I have seen thoughtless housekeepers set away in a pine cupboard, flat irons so very warm, that there was danger of the house taking fire by the means.

I have seen egg-shells thrown into the fire, when the hens would have gladly made merry over them.

I have seen calico needlessly faded by being left standing in soap-suds, instead of being quickly washed and immediately put in some hard water to rinse.

I have seen sour, heavy bread brought on the table day after day, when the same pains understandingly bestowed upon it, would have made it both healthy and palatable.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* sends the following as a sure cure for burns, scalds, and frost-bites, as tested by him in the experience of many years. 1 large spoonful of tar; 1 of sulphur; 1 drachm verdigris; 1 pound lard.

Domestic Department.

How to Dry Sweet Corn.—When the corn is in good condition for eating, the grains being fully grown, boil a quantity of ears just enough to cook the starch, and let them cool and dry a few hours, and then shell or cut off the grains, and spread them in the sun till dried. The best way to dry the corn, is to nail a piece of cloth of very open texture on a frame, which if two feet wide and five feet long, will be of a convenient size to handle. If the corn is spread thinly upon this cloth, it will dry quickly without souring. It should be covered with a piece of mosquito netting to keep off the flies.

Another person gives the following directions for drying sweet corn: "As soon as the corn is fit for the table, husk and spread the ears in an open oven, or some quickly drying place. When the grains loosen, shell the corn, or shell as soon as you can. Then spread upon a cloth to dry in the sun, or on paper in a warm oven; stir it often, that it may dry quickly and not overheat. It more resembles the undried by its being whole, is sweeter, and retains more of its natural flavor by drying faster. Wholly dried, expose it to the wind by turning it slowly from dish to dish; the wind blows off all the troublesome white chaff."

How to Prepare Corn for the Table.—In preparing sweet corn for table use, remove the husk and silk; put the corn in a pot of boiling water with about a table-spoonful of salt to a gallon of water; let the corn boil fifteen to twenty minutes; then, with a sharp knife, slit the rows of grains; and then with the back of the knife press out the pulp, leaving the hull of the grain attached to the cob. Seasoned with pepper, salt and butter, it makes a superb dish that the most delicate may partake of. Some people suffer inconvenience from eating sweet corn, but this may be attributed to eating the hull of the grain, which is as indigestible as the cob. The Stowell sweet corn is the corn for table use. It has from twelve to twenty rows of grains on the cob. Some add a quarter of a teaspoonful of saleratus to the boiling water before putting the corn in.

Indian Pudding.—Two quarts of milk, two heaping teacups of Indian meal, two table-spoonfuls of flour, tea-cup of molasses, small piece of butter, salt and sugar to taste. Boil milk; mix flour, meal and salt together; stir with milk while hot; boil molasses and stir in; after the pudding is in the oven, pour a cup of cold milk into it, but do not stir it. Bake two and a half hours.

Bread Pudding.—Cut a pound loaf of good bread in thin slices. Spread them with butter as for eating. Lay them in a pudding dish, sprinkle each layer of bread with seeded raisins and citron cut in small pieces or strips. Beat eight eggs with four table-spoonfuls of rolled sugar, mix them with three pints of milk and half of a grated nutmeg. Turn the whole on the bread in the pan, and let it remain till the bread has taken up full half the milk; then bake about three quarters of an hour.

The following prescription, if universally known, would not only save many days of suffering but life in many instances. Ignorance prevails not only among educated physicians but among females themselves, as to a remedy for what some term bealed or caked breasts. This troublesome and painful disease arises from a variety of causes, which it is not necessary here to specify. Whenever this disease begins to appear and knots or hard lumps are apparent by feeling or pressing on the breast, apply the following:—Take gum camphor and pound it small; mix it in lard, and add some laudanum. Rub the breasts gently but thoroughly twice or thrice a day, and after rubbing spread some on linen which lay on the breast, covering up with flannel. This should be renewed often, and the milk drawn by the mouth by some one at least three times a day. This is infallible. Ladies try this, and make it known.

Editor's Table.

A SEVERE DROUTH.—We are suffering from one of the severest drouths that we have ever experienced at this season of the year. In the vicinity of St. Louis vegetation of nearly all kinds is drying and burning up. Meadows will be very light. The oat crop will be the best of any. Tobacco plants cannot be set out, and are becoming to large for transplanting. Pasturage is becoming short—streams are drying up, and, unless rain speedily comes, great suffering must ensue. The drouth has been general throughout the West, but we learn that some portions have been lately blessed with propitious showers. The wheat and oat harvest has commenced. The wheat crop promises an average yield. The straw is light, but the berry good.

THE VALUE OF THE VALLEY FARMER: Prof. Turner, of Jacksonville, Ill., the leading agriculturist of that State, and of the West, and who has done more to advance the interests of Agriculture in this great domain of Ceres, than any other man, incloses his remittance to our Journal with the following remarks:

ED. VALLEY FARMER: I cannot explain by what untoward events I have omitted to forward my subscription for another year until this time. Suffice it to say that it is from no lack of an appreciation of its worth—for it is worth to me or any other man, more than ten times its cost every year. Please find inclosed $1 and send me your Journal till the amount is exhausted. J. B. TURNER.

ED. VALLEY FARMER: I wish to purchase a full Blood COTSWOLD BUCK. If you have any such for sale, please state price, also weight of sheep and weight of fleece, and height and length.

S. P. MACE, Steele's Mills, Randolph Co., Ill.

[REPLY.—Any of our readers having one for sale, can address Mr. Mace.]

ED. VALLEY FARMER: Will some of your patrons give, through the "Valley Farmer," the plan of building a Sweet Potato House, to keep them through the winter—how thick the walls, and what best to fill in between the walls, whether earth, straw, or tan-bark—whether the walls do best of brick or logs. I have one built of logs, and wish to build a new one—rats soon spoil a wall made of logs and earth. E.N.

FARM FOR SALE.—I have a farm for sale, situated in Franklin Co., Mo., about 12 miles south of Calvy station, South-west branch P.R.R. Land partially rolling and partly broken, about half and half, in all six hundred acres; upland, well watered, about sixty acres under cultivation, with log buildings.—This tract of land was purchased by me with the view of sheep raising, for which I think it well adapted. Price, $6.50 per acre, cash in hand, or, if preferred, a portion, so as to suit purchasers, will be sold on time, with ten per cent. interest. This land lies in the vicinity of a good lead mining region, which always furnishes a good market for the farmer. Geo. B. Green, Grubbville, Franklin Co. Mo.

The Weather and Crops.

SOUTH-WEST MISSOURI—Ed. Valley Farmer: A few items from the South-west, may not prove unacceptable, and accordingly I give you a brief record of passing events.

Corn is scarcely known in this country. In this and all adjoining counties, it has been an article as scarce and as hard to get as gold. Commencing last fall at 50 cents per bushel, it gradually rose to two dollars per bushel, and none to be had at that. Some few saved seed, others had to depend upon Government. Owing to the extreme scarcity, it was furnished by Government to loyal men upon proper evidence of their ability to cultivate. This post furnished over 300 bushels of seed at $1. Ten days ago the prospect was very poor for a crop, but the recent rains have been of immense value. There is a prospect of more rain; yet, with the best of seasons, there will not be enough made for home consumption. Every exertion should be put forth by farmers of every section. The times demand it. Starvation is staring many a family in the face. The past severe winter destroyed thousands of cattle in this part of the State, and many families have not even a cow left. Cattle and sheep have advanced in price in a corresponding ratio. Buyers from other States are gathering up the surplus stock, and beef contractors are having poor fare to keep up their contracts. The late rains were timely in bringing forward oats and maturing wheat. The latter crop will be fair, although there is not much land sown. Oats, should the yield be average, will be the only surplus crop. B.

Lebanon, Mo. June 10, 1864.

CROPS IN WESTERN MISSOURI.—ED. VALLEY FARMER: The crop prospects in this county are very indifferent. The fall wheat, owing to the dry weather at sowing time and the excessive cold of last winter, will not be more than half a crop. Spring wheat is not much sown here, and what was sown, owing to the drouth of the past month, is looking very poor. Oats are also suffering very much. Owing to the late and wet spring, farmers were very backward in getting in their crops, and the dry weather setting in directly afterwards, much of the corn planted did not come up at all—whole fields in many instances having to be planted over again. Upon the whole, I do not think there is half a stand. Hemp which was sown early, is looking very well—but the late sown looks exceedingly bad, and not more than one-fourth the usual amount will be grown. We have had no rain since about the first of May, and everything is suffering. The tobacco beds have also suffered, and there is great inquiry for plants. From the best information I can get, planters will be unable to plant as much as usual owing to their scarcity.

Lexington, Mo. E. ALLEN.

ED. VALLEY FARMER: The weather is good for growing here (Jackson Co. Ill.)—not too dry nor too wet. Wheat looks very well in the timber, except what was sown late, which will make half a crop.—Oats look fine. Corn doing well and looks hardy. I never saw better prospects for early potatoes. Gardens look well in general. There will be a fair crop of apples here; berries not much. Wilson's Albany, middling fair crop; peaches, none; cherries all falling off. A good deal of cane, cotton and tobacco being grown. ISAAC HARROUFF.

CROPS IN HOWARD CO. MO.—Ed. Valley Farmer: We are suffering for rain. Corn late, but good color; wheat will be light; grass light. The breadth of tobacco would have been large, if it had not been for the interruption in our labor—there are plenty of plants. J. W., Fayette, Mo.

CONTENTS OF NO. 7.

Agricultural.

Great Floods of the Mississippi, - - - 193
The Young Farmer, - - - 194
Effects of Ditching; Mayberry's Harvester, 195
Manure on Lime; Painting, - - 196
Lead Roofing; Agricultural Reports, - 197
Working the Different Soils, - - 198
Agricultural Items, - - - 199
Feeding Hens; Cheap Water Cooler, - 200
Woman, and Her Toils, - - - 201

Stock Department.

American Wild Sheep and Goats, - - 202
Bloat or Hoven in Cattle, - - - 203
Churning, - - - - - 204
Sheep Raising Results; Big Head, - 205
An Essay on the Mule; Weight of Cattle; Curing Bad Habits; Blind Staggers; - 206

Horticultural.

Fruit and Locality; Planting Grape Seed; The Concord Grape, - - - 207
Boquets; A Good Tree's Example, - 208
Budding, - - - - - 209
Imperial Strawberry; Horizontal Training; Phenomena of Plants, - - - 210
Old Orchards Rejuvenated; Growing Celery, 212
Meramec Horticultural Society, - - 213
Alton Horticultural Society, - - 213

Home Circle.

Matrimonial Errors, - - - 215
June, - - - - - 216
The Poetry of Flowers, - - - 217
Dyspepsia; The Uses of Labor, - - 219
What I Have Seen; Acid vs. Coffee; Scraps, 220
Eating; Things That I Have Seen, - 221
Domestic Department, - - - 221

Editor's Table.

The Weather and Crops, - - - 222

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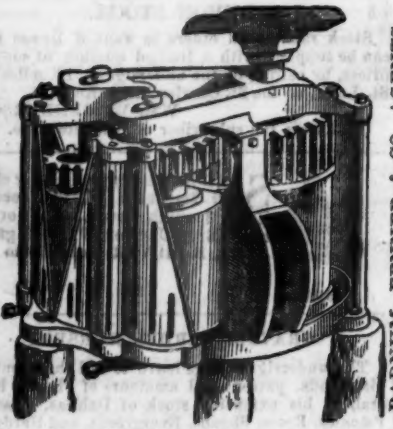

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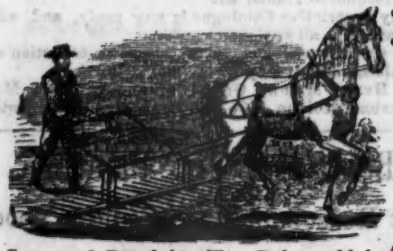

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